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5 Cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE

STORIES
OF
BOYS

WEEKLY.

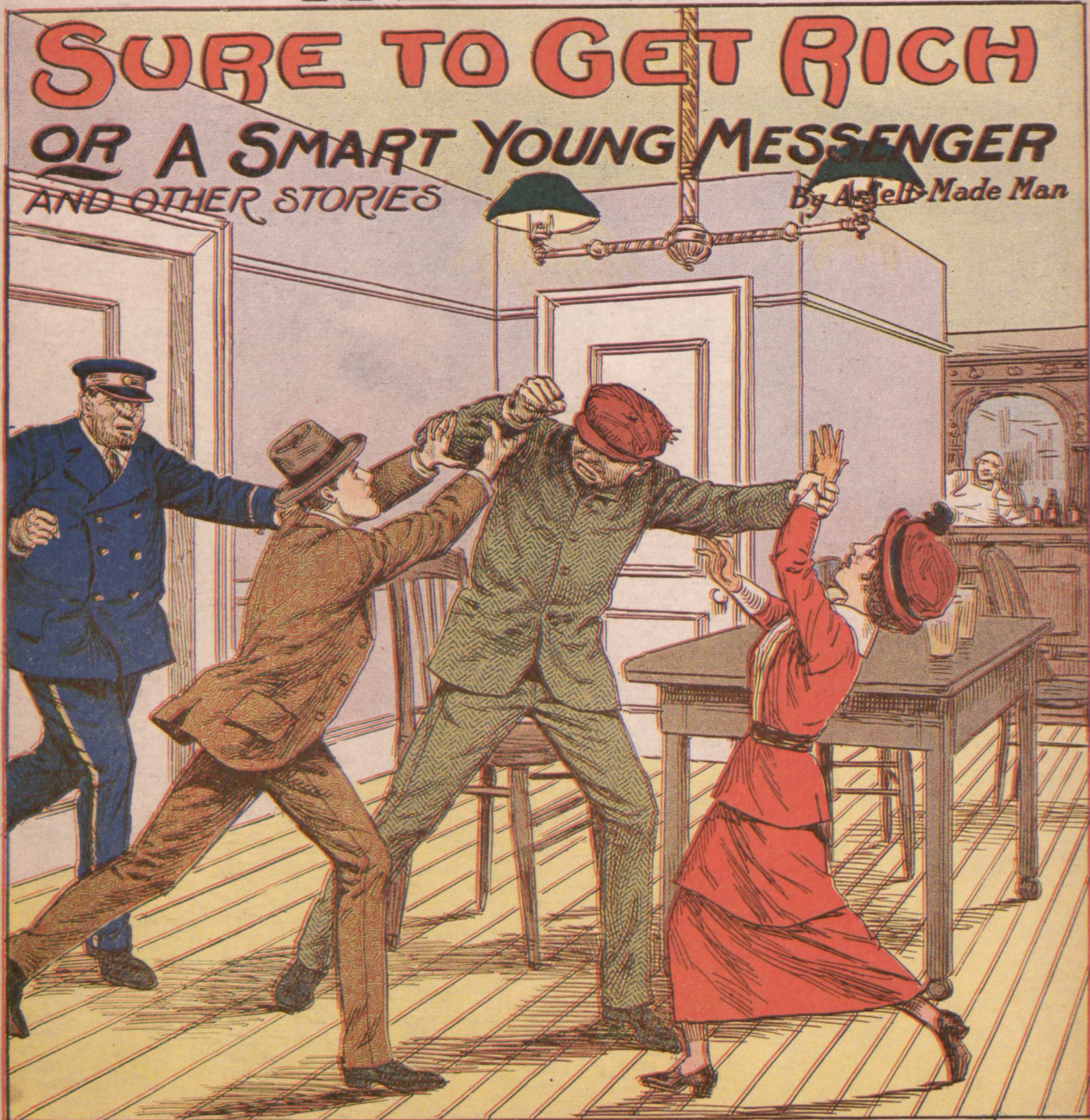
WHO MAKE
MONEY.

SURE TO GET RICH

OR A SMART YOUNG MESSENGER

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The gaslight fell upon the ruffian and his shrinking victim. His purpose was apparent. All the chivalry of Graham's nature rushed to the fore. Springing forward, he caught the descending fist and exclaimed, hotly: "You shall not strike that girl!"

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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Price 5 Cents.

SURE TO GET RICH

— OR —

A SMART YOUNG MESSENGER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Rattle! Rattle! Rattle!
Ting-a-ling-ling! Ting-a-ling-ling!
Toot! Toot! Too—oo—oo—oot!

All of a sudden the hitherto tranquil air in the immediate neighborhood of Trinity Church began to tingle with excitement.

Pedestrians passing up and down that part of Broadway came to a stop and edging toward the curb looked up the busy thoroughfare down which the hubbub seemed to be approaching.

Office windows were hurriedly pushed up and scores of heads thrust out, all turned in the direction of the post-office.

An electric car from the Battery came to a sudden stop, while a big American Express Co.'s wagon and half a dozen other vehicles drew in toward the curb under the shadows of the church, and people crossing New York's main business thoroughfare above Wall Street began to scatter right and left.

A couple of nimble-legged, barefooted newsboys dashed along the gutter, shouting:

"Here comes de engine!"

And they were right.

Drawn by three powerful light gray animals, the driver on his elevated seat leaning well forward with both hands outstretched holding the reins, the shining brass funnel belching dun-colored smoke and a myriad of sparks, a big steamer of the Metropolitan Fire Department came charging down the street like a whirlwind, with its hose carriage following at breakneck speed a short distance behind.

Guiding his horses skilfully to the right, the driver turned in at Wall Street with a rattle and a roar, just as a thick-set man of perhaps sixty years, whose calling was shown by his weather-beaten countenance and his dress—a cap and a loosely buttoned peajacket—started to cross the narrow thoroughfare.

A dozen people saw his danger and yelled a warning.

The seafaring man looked up in a startled way, and then as if dazed by conditions to which he was not accustomed, or partly intoxicated, he dropped the satchel he was carrying, some money he had in his hand, took a couple of awkward steps forward, and then stood still in the path of the horses and engine bearding down upon him.

The driver saw him at once, and pushing hard down on the brake at his feet, swerved his animals as much as possible toward the far curb.

But it was clearly impossible for him to stay the speed of those iron-shod horses in the short space that intervened, or turn out of the unfortunate man's path enough, owing to the narrowness of the street, to avoid running him down.

At that thrilling moment, when scores of spectators were gazing, horror-struck, from the sidewalks and the windows of the office buildings, yet not a hand was raised to save the bewildered man, whose fate seemed to be certain, a stalwart, neatly dressed boy dashed from the doorway of one of the buildings, sprang into the street, and grasping the seafaring man by the arms, literally tore him from under the horses' heads and the swinging pole, both rescuer and rescued pitching head forward in a heap in the gutter as the fire engine went dashing by.

It was a daring and successful feat.

Then as the hose carriage passed by, with a clatter and jingle, the crowd on the further side joined those who had already surrounded the brave boy and the man he had saved from death.

As the two picked themselves up a dozen hands were extended to recover their hats and to brush the dust from their clothes.

"By George!" exclaimed one man, "that was the most remarkable and heroic act I ever saw, and I've seen a few in my time."

"I should say it was!" answered a gentleman at his elbow.

"The boy deserves a medal."

"He certainly does," spoke up a third, enthusiastically, handing the seafaring man his satchel, which he had picked up.

"I hope you're not hurt, my lad?" asked a big broker, in a shiny silk hat and up-to-date business suit.

"I'm all right," replied the boy, wiping the dust from his face, which impressed the crowd with its frank, open expression and evident manliness.

"Well, you're a wonder," said the broker. "I think I've seen you before, haven't I? You're employed in the Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why, of course. I recognize you now. You're Sidney Graham. Page & Bacon's messenger."

"That's right," admitted the boy. "And you're Broker George Brown."

"I see you know me. You're just the boy such a thing might be expected of."

"Thank you, Mr. Brown. I did the best I could under the circumstances."

The seafaring man now took a hand in the proceedings.

He grasped the boy by both of his hands and wrung them with an iron grip, while tears of gratitude stood in his clear, blue eyes.

"I owe my life to you, my lad. I can't find words to express my feelings on the subject. Come with me—let us get away from this crowd."

With some difficulty they managed to make their way out of the curious throng, which, by this time, had grown so large as to block the street.

A policeman, with his notebook, then took them in hand, and while both were answering questions they were again surrounded by a denser mob than before.

"Officer, get us out of this, will you?" asked the rescued man when the policeman returned the notebook to his pocket.

"Stand back there," commanded the member of the "finest," pushing the bystanders out of the way to make a lane for the two to pass through.

A gradually diminishing crowd followed them as far as Broad street.

"You are sure you're not injured, sir?" asked Sid, with some anxiety, as his companion wiped the trickling blood from a slight cut over his right eye with his handkerchief.

The boy saw that his rough, mahogany-hued hand shook, and that his strong limbs trembled from the reaction which followed upon his terrible experience.

"I don't think so, my brave lad, though I've had quite a shaking up. You must be a strong boy to be able to yank me about the way you did. I weigh one hundred and eighty pounds in my underclothes. I owe you a debt of gratitude I never can repay," he said, with much feeling.

"Don't allow that to worry you," said Sid, cheerfully.

"But it will worry me. Come down this way," he said, drawing the boy into Broad street. "I can't bear to be made an object of curiosity. Let us go in here a moment. I must have a drink to steady me up," and he led his young companion into a cafe. "I don't suppose you indulge in liquor?" interrogatingly.

"No, sir," answered Sid.

"That's right," replied the seafarer, approvingly. "Avoid it. It is a bad practice, especially for one of your years."

"That is my idea, sir. I promised my mother that I would never drink intoxicating liquor, and I mean to keep my word."

"You're a fine lad," said the stranger, earnestly, looking the boy over from head to foot. "And you have shown that you possess real American pluck. Now, tell me your name," he added, as they took seats at a small round table of polished wood, and he gave his order to a white-jacketed waiter.

"Sidney Graham."

"I'm Ed'ard Gale, master of the ship Fleetwing, just arrived from Bombay, by the way of Cape Good Hope. My vessel is anchored in the lower bay. We passed quarantine this morning. This is the first time I've been ashore in something like three months, and the first time I've set foot in America for eight years."

There was an unmistakable twang in the captain's voice which showed that he was, beyond a doubt, a real down-easter.

"I don't wonder, then, that you were a bit rattled by that fire engine," said Graham, politely.

"I'm not used to getting in their way, that's a fact," said the captain, with a faint smile. "I had no idea that one was so close upon me, and I was taken by surprise. People shouted at me from both sides of the way, and I got so mixed up that I didn't know which way to turn."

"Well, you had a narrow escape, Captain Gale," said Sid, smiling.

"I realize that I had, and it is entirely due to your promptness and courage. My dear boy, you don't know how grateful I am to you," and the captain shook the lad's hand once more in a way that left no doubt as to his sincerity.

"I guess you'll have to excuse me now," said Graham, rising. "I must get back to my office."

"Wait a moment. I can't let you go this way. I don't want to lose sight of you. Where do you live?"

"Shall I write my address down for you?"

"I wish you would. I want to meet your folks and tell them how much I appreciate the service you have done me."

"My mother and sisters will be glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Gale; but I hope you'll go easy with your commendations on what I have done for you, or they may fear this hat of mine won't fit my head any more."

"I'm afraid I don't quite catch your meaning, my lad," said the captain, with a puzzled look.

Sid grinned and explained to him what is meant by a case of "swelled head."

"You don't look like that kind of boy," replied the ship-

master, in a breezy manner, having now entirely recovered from the shock he had sustained.

Graham wrote his name and address on the back of a card and handed it to the captain, who took out a well-worn red leather pocketbook, filled with papers and banknotes, and carefully deposited it in one of the pockets.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN'S LITTLE GIRL.

"Do you know, my lad, I've taken a liking to you," said Captain Gale, earnestly. "You've got an honest, straightforward way about you that takes my fancy. I've seen a lot of deception in this world," with something like a sigh, "and when a young chap with such qualities as you possess comes athwart my hawse I feel like cottoning right to him. I'm alone in the world; that is, except my little girl, and, will you believe me, I haven't seen her in over eight years. Think of that! Why, I'm just wild to meet and take her into my arms again," and the speaker's voice shook with emotion, and his gray eyes grew moist.

"Eight years is a long time, sir," admitted Sid, in a sympathetic tone; "but, of course, you've heard from her many times—whenever you arrived in a port."

The captain shook his head in a mournful kind of way.

"No," he said, with a wistful expression on his mahogany-hued face, "how could I when I was cast away for six years on an uninhabited island in the Indian Ocean?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sid, astonished. "Cast away on an island six whole years! And you were alone all that time?"

The captain nodded solemnly.

"I was rescued five months ago and taken to Bombay. The consignees for the New York shipping firm of Joy & Tarbell, in whose employ I had been for years before I lost my ship in the simoon in the Indian Ocean, received me as one back from the dead, for I was supposed to have gone down with the ship. The Fleetwing, a vessel I had commanded for several years, was in Bombay, discharging at the time, and singular to say her captain had just died. The consignees cabled the owners about me and asked for instructions. The reply put me once more in charge of my former vessel, and in due time I sailed for this port."

"Some time I should like to hear of your experience on that island, Captain Gale," said Graham, eagerly, for he had read the wonderful adventures of Robinson Crusoe, at an early age, and the book had left a vivid impression on his mind.

"And so you shall, my lad. I dare say you'd like to know my little girl, too."

"Yes, sir. If you haven't seen her for eight years she must be quite a big girl by this time."

"That's right," replied the captain, slowly, as if the idea that his daughter was anything else than the little girl he had left behind him when he last sailed from New York had just occurred to him. "So she is. She was seven years old the last time I saw her. Why, she must be fifteen now!" he ejaculated, in a sort of childish wonder. "Fifteen!" he repeated. "Quite a young lady almost. But she'll know her father—oh, yes, I'm sure she'll know me," with a wistful eagerness, "though she must have thought me dead until she received the letter I wrote her from Bombay."

As the sea captain was speaking, it occurred to Sid Graham that eight years being quite a stretch of time, it was possible the little girl in question might have died during the interval her father had been away—a contingency Captain Gale did not seem to figure on.

"And—and—your wife?" pursued the boy, hesitating. "You do not mention her. Is she dead?"

"Yes."

It was impossible to describe the sorrowful pathos with which that one word was spoken.

"She died shortly after I left this port on the ill-fated Wanderer. I received the news at Melbourne from her half-brother, Samuel Sharpley, a lawyer of Jersey City, who wrote me he had taken charge of my Jessie, and would be a father to her until I returned."

"Did you say Samuel Sharpley, a lawyer?" asked Sid, curiously.

There was a reason for the question.

That morning he had read an account in the morning paper

of a New Jersey lawyer—a pettifogger he was described—named Samuel Sharpley, who had been arrested on the charge of swindling a sailor.

The lawyer's record, as investigated by the reporter, was extremely shady.

It was found that, in connection with a man named Cutcliff, he ran a low gin-mill and sailors' boarding-house, called the "Seaman's Rest," on the Jersey City water front, where it was believed unsuspecting seamen were often drugged and shanghaied, though no evidence establishing that fact was brought against Sharpley or his partner.

Sharpley managed to have the charge against him dismissed, owing to lack of evidence sufficient to hold him.

"Yes," replied Captain Gale, in answer to the boy's question.

"Is—is he a lawyer of some prominence?"

"Well, I can't say that he is, or was when I last saw him," replied the captain, with some hesitation. "I never had much confidence in him, to tell the truth, but my wife, his half-sister, sympathized with him, for he always had a tale of hard luck when he came to see her, and she helped him one way or another, and defended him whenever I pulled him over the coals. He is not exactly the kind of person I should have left in charge of my Jessie if I could have arranged matters otherwise. But I was thousands of miles away, in Australia at the time, and as I expected to return to New York in six or seven months, I let things stand, believing that for his dead half-sister's sake Mr. Sharpley would do the best he could for her child. To make this all the more certain, I sent him a power of attorney to draw the interest on some bonds, and the dividends on some stock I had invested my savings in prior to starting for Australia."

"I hope you will find that he has been faithful to his trust, Captain Gale," said Sid. "You have his address, of course?"

"Well," replied the captain, a bit doubtfully, "I know where he lived eight years ago. It is possible he has moved during that time."

"If he is still living in Jersey City you will probably be able to trace him through the city directory."

"I did not think of that," answered the captain. "I expected to get his address from the Wall Street firm in whose care I left my bonds and stock. He would naturally call there at stated times to receive the interest and other money which his power of attorney would entitle him to."

"That's right," said Sid. "What is the name of this firm? I am employed in Wall Street as a messenger for Page & Bacon, bankers and brokers, and—"

"Who did you say?" asked Captain Gale, grasping the boy by the arm.

"Page & Bacon, No. — Wall Street."

"Why, those are the people who have my stock and bonds."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Sid, in surprise. "Seems remarkable, doesn't it, that I, their messenger, should be the one to pull you out of a bad fix right here in Wall Street. I suppose you were on your way to call upon them."

"That's right, my lad," admitted Captain Gale, cheerily. "It's a regular coincidence, isn't it? So you are employed by them? Very respectable firm, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're bound that way, I'll go right along with you."

"I am, captain, and will be glad of your company. The office is only a block from here," said the boy, rising.

Captain Gale got up, too.

"I'm afraid I've detained you with my talk," he said, laying his hard and horny hand on Graham's shoulder. "I hope you will excuse me. If you were a man and a father you'd understand my feelings."

"Don't mention it, Captain Gale. There's no harm done. Page & Bacon are not driving me to death just now."

"When the Fleetwing hauls into dock somewhere along South street to discharge, you'll come down and see me and meet my Jessie. I shall live aboard, and my little girl will be with me," said Captain Gale, as they crossed Broad street together.

"I shall be glad to do so, captain."

"That's right. Jessie will be proud and happy to know you, especially after I have told her how you saved my life," and the captain laid his hand almost affectionately on the boy's arm. "Then, when I go to sea again, you won't forget to call and see her once in a while, will you, to keep her from feeling lonesome after her old dad?"

"Sure thing, captain. I'll introduce her to my mother and sisters. They'll make things pleasant for her, you may depend."

"Of course they will," said Captain Gale, cheerfully. "I never thought of that."

"Here we are," said Sid. "Page & Bacon are one flight up, to the rear."

Whereupon Graham piloted the seafaring man to the office where he was employed.

CHAPTER III.

URIAH PAGE AND EBENEZER BACON.

The offices of Page & Bacon, bankers and brokers, were located on the second floor of No. — Wall Street.

The firm was an old one and well known in the financial district, but, notwithstanding that fact, very few reputable brokers or solid speculators ever had regular dealings with Page & Bacon.

At least, not of recent years.

They did an extensive business in time and call loans.

They also had a very sharp pair of shears in constant waiting for venturesome lambs, when those blythesome animals invaded the Street after easy money.

The firm advertised steadily in the best financial papers and magazines, and thereby attracted a considerable list of out-of-town customers, who, however, never got rich through transactions engineered for them by Page & Bacon.

Mr. Page, a thin, wizened, sharp-eyed man of eighty years, a deacon in one of the uptown Presbyterian churches, and chairman of the Board of Foreign Missions, was always an early bird at the office.

A few minutes before the thrilling event narrated in our opening chapter occurred, Mr. Bacon, stout, red-faced and pockmarked, entered the private office and found the senior partner as usual seated at his desk.

The hour was ten in the morning, and business was beginning to get into full swing in New York's financial district.

"Ebenezer."

It was Mr. Page who spoke.

"Well, Uriah?" said the junior member of the firm, who was all of fifty years, in a gruff tone habitual with him.

"There's a letter in the morning mail that's going to give you a shock."

"What do you mean?"

"It's from a man we supposed to be dead—lost at sea—years ago."

"You don't mean—" began Mr. Bacon, and then he paused, with something like a gasp.

"Yes, I do, Ebenezer. I mean Captain Edward Gale, of the Wanderer."

"And you say you received a letter from him—this morning?" incredulously.

"Yes, Ebenezer."

"Let me see it," Mr. Bacon said, abruptly.

Mr. Page took a letter with a foreign stamp on it from a pigeon-hole and passed it to his partner.

"The letter, you may observe, is postmarked Bombay and London, and seems to have been unaccountably delayed in transit, for it is dated July 1st, and this is—"

"November," said Mr. Bacon, as he pulled out the enclosure, with fingers that trembled not a little, which was somewhat strange for a man of the junior partner's temperament.

"Exactly," pursued Mr. Page. "Most of it refers to his daughter Jessie, with whom we really have nothing to do. He is distressingly anxious about her, which, of course, is most natural, as he has not seen her these eight years past."

"He says the Wanderer was lost in a simoon in the Indian Ocean, and that he alone appears to have survived the disaster," interrupted Mr. Bacon, as he perused the letter. "He passed six years on an uncharted island, and was finally taken off by a bark which put in there for water. It almost surpasses belief, Uriah. This man who has been supposed to be dead now turns out to be very much alive. His return to this city, on the Fleetwing, to which he says he has been appointed, promises grave complications."

"It does, indeed, Ebenezer," said Mr. Page, slowly rubbing his bony hands one over the other. "Eight years ago Captain Gale deposited with us certain securities—"

"Exactly. One hundred Alpha & Omega first mortgage bonds, which we purchased for him at 90, and are worth today 110; together with 500 shares of the company's stock, since doubled by the watering process, which we got for

him at 40, and is quoted this morning at 125—the interest and dividends on which we have regularly collected and——”

“Paid over to Mr. Samuel Sharpley, who holds a power of attorney from the captain,” interjected the senior partner.

“Precisely. And which we presume Mr. Sharpley has expended on the support and education of the captain’s daughter,” continued Mr. Bacon, with a peculiar smile.

“We are not responsible for what Mr. Sharpley has done with the money,” said Mr. Page, drily.

“Hum! of course not. I merely made the remark, for, under the circumstances, the amount of money we have been obliged to pay him would be quite a temptation to some men,” and the speaker looked hard at his partner.

“You seem to be uncommonly facetious this morning, Ebenezer. We are alone, and I see no reason why you should not call a spade a spade. Mr. Sharpley is a pettifogging, rascally lawyer. I see by this morning’s paper that he’s up to his old tricks again. He was haled to court yesterday on the complaint of one of his victims, but managed, as usual, to squeeze himself out through some legal knot-hole. I repeat, Ebenezer, Mr. Sharpley is a thorough scoundrel, and it was owing to his shady reputation that we succeeded in preventing him from becoming the legal guardian of Jessie Gale.”

“But in order to keep our grip on the captain’s holdings in Alpha & Omega, which increased enormously in value soon after his supposed death, we have been obliged, to a certain extent, to stand in with Mr. Sharpley—that is, we have to pay him a considerable sum as hush-money.”

“A most unsatisfactory arrangement for us, Ebenezer, but which we were compelled to accede to, as we had hypothecated the bonds and stock in question in order to meet our obligations after the squeeze we got in D. & G.”

“You state the matter correctly, Uriah,” said Mr. Bacon. “We used the securities without authority in order to save our financial standing, and because we felt quite safe in doing so, as we regarded the captain as good as dead after the marine insurance on the Wanderer and her cargo had been paid to the owners. We felt we could afford to stop Mr. Sharpley’s exactions by a stiff bribe, though by so doing we have become particeps criminis—that is, accomplices—in a scheme to defraud the captain’s daughter. Having won Mr. Sharpley over, we had come to look upon the bulk of the Alpha & Omega securities as part of our business capital.”

“Very true, Ebenezer. Therefore, you can imagine what a shock that letter gave me when I opened it and found——”

“That Captain Gale had most unexpectedly and, shall I say, unwelcomely, come back to life. This means that we shall presently be called upon to make good to our client the full value of his holdings in Alpha & Omega. It will never do, Mr. Page!” exclaimed the junior partner, pounding the top of the desk violently.

“But if he should insist on having an accounting, Ebenezer, what then?” asked the sleek, elderly broker of his big partner.

“We should be ruined, Uriah. Captain Gale holds our receipt for securities worth \$136,000 which only cost him \$29,000 eight years ago. We have borrowed \$60,000 on the stock and \$7,000 on the bonds.”

“We could not raise half that amount at this moment, Ebenezer.”

“We could not, Uriah. Therefore, as I remarked, we must persuade him to wait.”

“Hum! But suppose he won’t be reasonable? Suppose he kicks up a muss, Ebenezer? You know what these seafaring people are when they get an idea in their heads. It’s hard to move them. Suppose he insists on having his stock and bonds back, and won’t go away without them. What then?”

“If argument fails we will hand the captain over to the lawyer. From what I know of Mr. Sharpley, I judge he is amply able to cope with the situation,” said Mr. Bacon, bluntly. “By the way, Uriah, have you looked at the marine intelligence in this morning’s Herald?”

Mr. Page shook his head.

“You might take a look,” he suggested, pointing to the paper which lay on the top of his desk.

Mr. Bacon unfolded the paper and turned over the sheets till he came to the page.

“Hum! ‘Arrivals.’ Hum! hum! By the jumping Jehoshaphat, the man is here!” he exclaimed, in some excitement.

“Eh!”

“He’s come, I tell you. Listen: ‘Ship Fleetwing; Gale master; Bombay via Cape Town, arrived at quarantine last night at nine o’clock.’ We shall see him to-day.”

“I am afraid we shall, Ebenezer,” replied Mr. Page, in a resigned tone.

“Let us lose no time in considering what we shall do.”

The two partners put their heads together and began a very serious talk.

While thus engaged there came a knock on the door.

“Come in,” said Mr. Bacon, brusquely.

Sid Graham opened the door and stuck his head into the room.

“A gentleman to see the firm,” he said.

“Name and business, please?” replied Mr. Bacon, sharply.

“Captain Edward Gale, sir, of the ship Fleetwing.”

CHAPTER IV.

SID AND EDNA.

Mr. Bacon came out into the reception-room and welcomed his seafaring visitor most effusively.

“Come right into our private room, Captain Gale,” he said, pulling the captain with him. “Mr. Page is inside. We received your letter from Bombay only this morning. Never so surprised in my——”

Bang! went the door, and Sid heard no more.

“Mr. Bacon seems to be highly delighted to see the captain,” grinned the boy.

Thus speaking, Sid sought the corner where Edna Jackson was operating a typewriter.

Edna was a pretty brown-eyed girl, and Sid thought that, next to his sisters, she was the nicest girl he knew.

She knew Sid’s mother and sisters, and when they said he was the finest son and brother in the world, she agreed with them.

She happened to see Graham come in with Captain Gale, and she wondered who the old weatherbeaten gentleman was.

So when the lad glided up alongside of her table she, with womanly curiosity, began to question him about the captain.

“That’s Captain Gale, of the ship Fleetwing,” he answered, beamingly.

“And who is Captain Gale, of the ship Fleetwing?”

“He’s a client of ours.”

“Indeed! I never saw him before.”

“I don’t wonder at that. You must have been a little in short dresses when he was here before.”

“Is that so?” she replied, tossing her shapely head. “And what were you, then?”

“I guess I was a young gentleman in knickerbockers.”

“A little boy in knickerbockers, you mean,” she said, with a mischievous smile. “Come now, tell me all about the captain.”

“It was this way,” began Sid, and then he narrated the manner in which he had rescued the captain from being run down by the fire engine.

“Dear me,” she said, with a little shudder, “you both had a very narrow escape.”

“I’m not saying we didn’t.”

“You seem to have been the only one there who tried to do it.”

“All right; we’ll let it go at that. The captain told me he has a daughter he hasn’t seen in eight years. He’s going to introduce me to her.”

“How old is she?” asked the stenographer, curiously.

“Fifteen, I believe.”

“I suppose you’ll keep awake nights till you see her. Is she pretty?”

“How can I tell that?” laughed Sid. “You aren’t jealous now, are you?”

“Jealous! The idea!”

“If she’s prettier than you she must be a peach,” grinned the boy.

“You know you don’t mean that,” said Edna, with a pleased smile.

“I always mean what I say. By the way, I sold my C. & D. stock this morning at an advance of 10 points.”

“Did you, really? How nice! How many shares did you have?”

“Just 100. I bought it at 45, and it took all my dough to put up the margin. I expect to get my check to-morrow for \$1,475, which gives me a profit of \$975. Not so bad for a flier. Of course I’m going to stand treat, as I promised, so get your hat and jacket and I’ll blow you off to a tiptop lunch.”

“Is this to be a Delmonico spread?” she asked, roguishly, as she rose from her chair.

"Oh, say, what do you want, anyway?"

"Where are you going to take me?"

"There's a nice restaurant on Beaver street. We'll go there."

"Very well. Just wait till I get my things."

As Sid returned to the reception-room and started to put on his hat and overcoat, a bright-looking young man came into the office.

"I'd like to see Sidney Graham," he said.

"That's my name," replied Sid. "What can I do for you?"

"There's my card," said the visitor.

"You're a reporter, eh?"

"Yes. I want your story of the——"

"Oh, I see what you're after," interrupted Graham. "But really I haven't time to talk to you now. Just going out to lunch with our stenographer. Besides, I don't care to be made a hero of in the papers. I only did what any fellow would or ought to have done under the circumstances. You'd better interview Captain Gale. He's engaged with the firm at present, but if you wait I've no doubt he'll tell you all you want to know."

"Thanks, but I'd like you to tell me what you did in your own way, too."

"I tell you I didn't do anything remarkable. I saw the captain standing in a dazed kind of way in the middle of the street. The fire engine was bearing right down on him and I saw that unless something was done for him mighty quick he would certainly be run over. So I just jumped into the street, grabbed him under the arms and yanked him out of danger. That's the whole thing. I couldn't tell you any more if I talked with you for a week. Come, Edna."

Sid and Miss Jackson walked out of the office, leaving the reporter to secure an interview with Captain Gale as best he could.

It was a whole hour before they got back.

They passed Page and Bacon, with Captain Gale between them, on the street, bound, apparently, for Delmonico's for lunch.

"I don't know just why, Edna, but I have taken a great liking to Captain Gale. He's such a bluff, honest, unsuspicious old man, that it's a pleasure to talk to him. You should have heard him talk about his little girl, as he calls her, though she must be quite a big girl now. As his wife is dead she's the only thing he's got to love in the world."

"What is her name?" asked Edna, in an interested tone.

"Jessie."

"And you say they haven't seen each other for eight years?"

"That's what he said."

"Dear me, that's a long time for him to be away, isn't it?"

"Well, it wasn't his fault. You see he was wrecked on an island in the Indian Ocean, where he stayed six whole years before he was taken off."

"Is it possible?" she exclaimed, quite astonished.

"Just like Robinson Crusoe. Did you ever read that story?" Edna shook her head.

"Well you ought to read it. I think it would interest you."

"And Captain Gale's daughter—where was she all this time?"

"Living with a relative of the captain's wife—a lawyer named Samuel Sharpley—in Jersey City. Now, Edna, I don't feel quite easy in my mind about that man Sharpley."

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked, opening her eyes in surprise.

"I'll tell you. I'm afraid he's a rascal."

Then he went on to tell her about the article he had read in that morning's paper about the pettifogger named Samuel Sharpley, of Jersey City, who had been arrested for swindling a sailor, and whose reputation was so shady.

"Why should you think the two are the same man?" asked Edna, curiously.

"The similarity of the names, for one thing; then the impression I have formed of Mr. Sharpley's character from Captain Gale's description of the man, and lastly the newspaper description of the pettifogger Sharpley coincides, as I now remember, with the general appearance of a man who called here to see Mr. Bacon in July, and who sent in his name as Sharpley. Evidently he called to collect the captain's interest on his bonds, for Captain Gale told me he sent this person a power of attorney entitling him to receive the money. If these two Sharpleys are really identical, I'm afraid Jessie Gale has been in bad company these eight years back."

"Oh, dear, I hope not!" said Edna, earnestly.

"You don't hope it any more than I, for I am sure if my suspicions are based on facts it will drive Captain Gale wild

when he makes the discovery, as, in that case, he is bound to do. He is wrapped right up in that girl."

"It would be very sad if such proved to be the case," said Edna, sympathetically.

"You can just gamble on it it would."

It was time Edna got to work again, and so Sid returned to his customary post in the reception-room.

In the course of an hour Mr. Page returned with Captain Gale.

They had hardly entered the private office before Sid was summoned to the room.

"Sidney," said Mr. Page, "Captain Gale has told me of the great service you rendered him this morning on Wall, near Broadway. I must commend you for the nerve you displayed in his behalf. The captain has already thanked you as far as words can express his appreciation of your conduct. But he desires to offer you a more substantial evidence of his gratitude, and I think you deserve it. He authorizes me to turn over to you ten of his first mortgage 5 per cent. Alpha & Omega bonds, whose market value to-day is \$110, or, if you prefer, their equivalent in cash."

"Why, that would amount to \$1,100, sir," exclaimed Sid, in surprise.

The broker nodded.

"But, sir, it would seem like taking pay for a service that I was very happy to render Captain Gale for nothing."

"My dear lad," put in the master of the Fleetwing, "I couldn't possibly pay you for saving my life. That is something beyond price. I am simply giving you this as a slight testimonial or remembrance of the occasion. I should feel much hurt if you refused to accept the gift, which I can very easily afford, since I find that the securities I left in the custody of Page & Bacon eight years ago have very largely increased in value."

"Very well, captain; since you insist I will accept the bonds, and I thank you very much for your valuable gift."

"You are welcome, my lad. Now I will ask a favor of you."

"I'll be glad to oblige you any way I can," replied the boy, cheerfully.

"I knew you would. Mr. Page has given me Mr. Sharpley's address, and I am going over to see my little girl. As I am not familiar with Jersey City, and I believe you are to some extent, Mr. Page says you may go over with me and show me the way."

"I am quite ready to do so," answered Sid, pleased to render the old skipper an additional kindness.

"I will be ready in less than half an hour," said the captain.

"All right, sir."

Sid then withdrew to carry the news to Edna that he had become a bloated bondholder.

Thirty minutes later Captain Gale came into the reception-room and told Sid he was ready to go to Jersey City.

The boy put on his hat and coat and led the way to the street.

"Here is Mr. Sharpley's address," said the captain, handing Graham a slip of paper.

The boy glanced at it and was immensely relieved to find that the address was not the "Seaman's Rest," as he had feared it would be, but a side street in the neighborhood of one of the police courts.

"I may have been mistaken, after all," he thought. "I trust I have been."

It was about four o'clock when they arrived at their destination—a very ordinary-looking frame structure that badly needed a coat of paint.

A paint store occupied the ground floor, but a shabby tin sign pointed the way to Mr. Sharpley's office on the second floor back.

Clearly, Mr. Sharpley was not a lawyer of any great importance if external indications went for anything; still there is a saying that you can't always judge a book by its cover.

Sid, however, was rather disappointed by what he saw, and his former suspicions returned to him.

They went upstairs, knocked on a door which bore Mr. Sharpley's name, and were bidden to enter by a boyish voice.

They accepted the invitation and found themselves in a scantily furnished, not over-clean room, of small dimensions, whose sole occupant was a small, red-headed urchin of perhaps twelve years, who was perched upon a tall stool, reading a copy of some Wild West fiction.

Apparently he resented the intrusion of visitors, for his

voice and manner were aggressive, as he inquired their business.

"We wish to see Mr. Samuel Sharpley," said Sid.

"Well, you can't see him, 'cos he isn't in," snorted the office boy.

"Do you expect him in soon?"

"Naw. If you want to see him badly you'd better go down to the 'Seaman's Rest,' at the foot of Blank Street."

"Where?" gasped Sid, aghast at the direction, which confirmed his fears.

"The Seaman's Rest," repeated the boy, who immediately returned to his library, and paid no further attention to his visitors.

Sid, with a sense of impending misfortune, led the way back to the street.

CHAPTER V.

THE SEAMAN'S REST.

There are some tough and miserable-looking habitations along the Jersey City water front, but the worst of them all, in the estimation of the police, was the "Seaman's Rest," at the foot of Blank Street.

The rear end of the building overhung the water, while one side of it encroached on a wharf.

It had been shut up a number of times, for one reason or another, and at the present time was doing business on the quiet.

On that particular November afternoon on which Sid Graham and Captain Gale crossed the North River to Jersey City, in a shabby little den back of the barroom, sat two men, one of whom had scoundrel stamped in Nature's most legible characters upon his forehead, though there wasn't much room there to stamp it; while the other, dressed in a seedy black, looked the artful, cunning schemer he was.

This well-matched pair of rascals were Benjamin Cutcliff, who had charge of the establishment, and Samuel Sharpley, the reputed owner.

That the two were hand-in-glove in every piece of villainy which took place under the roof of that ramshackle building was generally understood by the police.

Just how they managed to evade justice was a mystery, but as Cutcliff was a ward-heeler of the first magnitude, and Sharpley frequently appeared in the police court in behalf of some resident of the election district, the inference was that the two rascals had a strong pull in politics.

A table, on which stood a black bottle, a couple of not over-clean glasses, and a cigar box full of loose tobacco, was between them.

"Things seem to be goin' to the bad with us, Sharpley," said the low-browed ruffian, sullenly, as he refilled his clay pipe from the box and lit it.

"Bad!" snapped the lawyer. "They couldn't be much worse."

"Monday I was pinched, and the bar closed, all on account of that sailor who said he had been hounded in here, and cleaned out of nine dollars," grumbled Cutcliff.

"Well, I got you off, didn't I?"

"You did, of course. But yesterday you was run in yourself 'cause another sailor I sent to your office charged you with swindling him out of sixteen dollars."

"It didn't do the police any good to arrest me," said Mr. Sharpley, with a disagreeable grin. "They didn't have any evidence to hold me."

"That's 'cause you was too smart for 'em; but all the same the fly cops are keepin' their blinkers on both of us pretty sharp. That sort of thing is doin' us up. Looks as if we'd have to sell out and move somewhere else."

"Sell!" ejaculated Mr. Sharpley, sarcastically. "What have we got to sell?"

"Not much, to be sure," admitted his companion, dolefully, as he glanced through the open door into the dimly lighted barroom, whose furnishings and stock in trade were at a low ebb.

"Well, that ain't the worst of it," snarled Mr. Sharpley, pouring out a portion of spirits from the bottle and tossing it off with a smack of his lips.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Cutcliff, regarding his associate with sudden alarm. "What's up?"

"Nothing to worry you particularly," growled the lawyer, in an ugly way.

"What is it?"

"The father of that gal I loaned you to play the piano and sing the latest topical songs for the amusement of the patrons of the house has turned up."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Cutcliff, in some astonishment.

"I do mean it," snarled the lawyer.

"The seafarin' gent you said was lost at sea?"

"That's the man."

"Well, I'll be blowed! How do you know he's turned up? Have you seen him?"

"No; but I expect to see him before many hours."

"How did you find out he was in the land of the livin'?"

"A messenger boy from across the river delivered a note at my office awhile ago from a party who isn't any more gratified by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Cap'n Gale than I am."

"Oh!" grinned Cutcliff, blowing out a cloud of tobacco smoke. "Where has the cap'n been all these years?" added the scoundrel, curiously.

"Wrecked on an island."

"And now he's arrived home."

"He's in New York."

"He'll want to see his daughter, and I'm afeard it'll be kind of awkward for you when he diskivers how the gal has been brought up."

The rascal shut one eye and regarded Mr. Sharpley with a kind of malicious grin.

The lawyer glared at him uneasily.

"You've been collectin' some money from a Wall Street office every six months for to provide the gal with an eddication and support, but which," with a wink, "has been otherwise appropriated."

"You needn't tell me what I know already," replied Mr. Sharpley, disagreeably.

"You might have had a bank account by this time if you wasn't so fond of playin' the horses and buckin' the tiger."

"Bah!"

"What are you goin' to do about it, Sharpley?"

The lawyer's face took on an ugly frown, but he remained silent.

"If I was in your shoes it would be me to the woods," suggested Cutcliff. "When that sailor sees that his good money has been wasted, and that the gal ain't the real lady he's expectin' to find her, he's goin' to raise merry jingoes about this place. He can't hold me for nothin', as I ain't responsible for her bringin' up, at least to him. I never seen him, and ain't s'posed to know Jessie Gale is his daughter. I kin swear she was gived to me to eddicate in the vaudeville line for her board and clothes," asserted the scoundrel, with a grin.

"You can swear to that, eh?" snapped Mr. Sharpley, sarcastically. "And can you swear you haven't pounded the life half out of her when she didn't pick things up fast enough to suit you, or when you've been half drunk, or when she wouldn't sing the kind of songs you wanted her to? Can you swear to all that?"

Apparently, Cutcliff couldn't swear to it, for he suddenly became silent and maybe thoughtful.

The vision of an angry and perhaps powerful shipmaster on the rampage flitted across his mental horizon, and he had some doubts as to the immediate future.

"Where is Jessie Gale?" asked Mr. Sharpley.

"Upstairs in her room," replied Cutcliff, sulkily.

"The cap'n, when he comes, mustn't see her, do you understand?"

"How are we goin' to put him off?"

"Leave that to me. He won't suppose she's in such a place as this."

"It wouldn't be healthy for us if he did," grinned Cutcliff, helping himself to a drink.

"How do you know it wouldn't?" growled the lawyer, with a wicked look coming into his eyes.

"I ain't hankerin' after a row that would bring the police down on us the way things is," answered his partner in villainy.

"There's more than one way of killing a cat," said his companion, darkly.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired Cutcliff, curiously.

"I mean," said the lawyer, deliberately, "that Cap'n Gale mustn't leave this house with the knowledge that I have wronged both him and his daughter. If persuasion fails, other means must be found to quiet him."

"Other means?"

Mr. Sharpley nodded grimly.

"Which is?" said Cutcliff, inquiringly.

"No matter. You've a spare room with a bed in it above, overlooking the river, eh?"

His companion said he had.

"Got any drops in the house?"

"You mean—"

"Knockout drops, you fool!" snarled the lawyer, impatiently.

"I'm all out of the stuff."

"We must have some."

"Then you're goin' to drug the seafarin' gent?"

"Perhaps," replied Mr. Sharpley, non-committally. "There's too much at stake for me to mince matters."

The lawyer was receiving a very tidy sum quarterly from Page & Bacon, ostensibly for the benefit of Jessie Gale, but actually as a bribe paid to keep him from inquiring too closely into the matter of the securities left by Captain Gale in the hands of the Wall Street firm.

Exposure of his conduct to the girl meant not only trouble with her father, but the certain loss of this income, if not arrest and imprisonment as well.

He knew he could not keep Jessie and her father apart for long without raising suspicion in the latter's mind.

The investigation which must follow would at once disclose his duplicity.

His plan, therefore, was to spar for time, while his fertile brain was originating some plan by which he hoped to overcome the danger that threatened him.

He believed he had a willing accomplice in Benjamin Cutcliff, though he could not tell how far he could trust him.

He relied on the fact that their general interests were mutual.

"As there's no telling when Cap'n Gale will turn up here, I'll go out and buy a bottle of chloral."

Thus speaking, the lawyer took down his hat and overcoat from a hook, put them on, and left the Seaman's Rest by a side door.

Hardly had he gone when a door, communicating with a passage where stairs led to the floor above, opened softly and by degrees, and presently a girl's face, framed in golden ringlets, peered cautiously into the darkened and deserted barroom.

It was a lovely, innocent face—a face stamped with the purity of a madonna.

Slowly she stepped into the filthy rum-hole, and then it might have been seen that she was dressed in a tawdry sort of finery, which showed itself beneath and through the rents of a ragged old coat she had buttoned close about her sylph-like form.

In one hand she carried a paper bundle, and her alert and anxious look seemed to show that her object was to avoid observation.

As she crossed the unswept floor, where the discolored sawdust was sprinkled with old cigar butts, pieces of broken tumblers and fragments of stale free lunch, the grace of her movements was unmistakable.

Her objective point was not the main door, which was locked and bolted, but the side door through which Mr. Sharpley had just passed out into the street.

Once or twice she stopped, leaned against the bar and listened, then advanced again.

The shades of a late fall evening were closing in about the building, and objects were becoming more and more indistinct in the barroom.

The girl appeared to regard the moment propitious for whatever venture she had in hand.

At length the half-open door leading into the den behind the corner of the bar caught her notice.

Instantly she paused and regarded it with frightened, distended eyes.

She had caught the sound of Cutcliff's feet as he shuffled them on the floor when he leaned against the table to help himself to another glass of whisky.

She heard the ring of the glass on the wood as he set it down after drinking.

Clearly, she stood in fear of the person behind that door.

The sudden pushing back of a chair, as if the occupant of the den had risen to his feet, spurred her to sudden action.

She darted noiselessly toward the side door.

But quick as were her movements, she was seen by Cutcliff, who came into the barroom at that moment.

He uttered an oath.

"Come back here, you little fool!" he yelled, savagely, making a dash after her.

Her hand was on the knob of the door and she made a desperate effort to get it open.

But the door did not move easily.

Mr. Sharpley had slammed it to when he went out, and it clung obstinately to the jamb.

Before she had quite overcome this difficulty the ruffian's huge hand was on her shoulder, and she was jerked back, roughly, into the barroom.

"So that's your game, is it?" Cutcliff roared, furiously, as he snatched away her bundle and fired it behind the bar. "You were goin' to cut and run, you little sneak! Goin' to leave us in the lurch, eh? I'll give you somethin' that'll learn you a lesson, you ungrateful jade!"

"Oh, please don't beat me, sir," she cried, shrinking back as far as she could from him, as he struck a match, reached up and lit the gas above his head.

"Don't beat you!" snarled the scoundrel, glowering down upon her. "I'll break every bone in your skin! I'll learn you to run away, Jessie Gale!"

He clenched his horny fist and took a step nearer the girl, who, in abject fear, cowered at his feet.

"Oh, don't strike me, please don't!" she sobbed. "I'm so weak and ill. That's why I couldn't sing when you wanted me to this forenoon."

"You'll sing loud enough directly, I'll warrant," as he again raised his fist.

Seizing her firmly by the wrist he was about to strike her a heavy blow, when the side door was pushed open suddenly and Sid Graham, followed by Captain Gale, entered the barroom.

The gas light fell upon the ruffian and his shrinking victim. His purpose was apparent. All the chivalry of Graham's nature rushed to the fore.

Springing forward, he caught the descending fist and exclaimed, hotly:

"You shall not strike that girl!"

CHAPTER VI.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Who the dickens are you, and what do you want?" asked Cutcliff, savagely.

"No matter who I am," replied Sid, stoutly. "I want you to leave that girl alone, do you understand?"

The ruffian was thoroughly astonished at the action of the resolute boy.

Big, hulking rascal that he was, a head taller than the athletic youth who faced him, he let go of the girl and glared at the boy, like some wild beast that was gathering his energies to spring upon its prey.

Then shaking his fist in Sid's face he roared:

"Get out of here, both of you, do you hear, or I'll murder you!"

Then Captain Gale interfered.

"Look here, my man," he said, as if addressing an insubordinate member of his crew, "we didn't come here to have trouble with you, but the boy is right. We're not going to let you lay your hand on that little girl. Why, she's almost a child. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I ought, ought I?" sneered Cutcliff. "What business is it of yours?"

"It's everybody's business to interfere in the cause of the weak and helpless."

"Oh, is it?"

"I don't care what the girl has done, or why you want to thrash her, but we're not going to stand by and see it done."

Captain Gale was an old man, but he was a resolute one, accustomed to handling men as big and just as ugly as Benjamin Cutcliff, and the air of authority he brought to bear on the rascal had its effect.

The fellow's rage subsided somewhat, and as the girl crept a few steps away from him and toward the two new arrivals whom she regarded as heaven-sent friends in her hour of need, she said:

"Well, Mister Who-ever-you-are, we needn't quarrel over the matter. The gal is a bad one, and I was only just correctin' her, see? I s'pose you had some object in comin' in here. I'd be obleeged if you'd spit it out."

"Yes, I had an object in coming here. This is the 'Seaman's Rest,' I think?"

"That's what it is."

"We were told Mr. Samuel Sharpley was here. I want to see him."

Benjamin Cutcliff was at once upon his guard, not only in his partner's interest but, indirectly, his own.

Who was this person who wanted to see Samuel Sharpley, and what did he want with him?

It might seem strange, in view of Captain Gale's seafaring appearance, which bristled in his every word and move, as well as the fact that the two rascals were expecting the captain to put in his appearance at any moment, that Cutcliff did not at once suspect who his chief visitor really was; but the fact of the matter is this—the affairs of the house, as well as the reputation of both himself and his associate, were in so bad a way, that the ruffian actually had the idea that these visitors might be a couple of detectives or wardmen in disguise, come to trap Mr. Sharpley, if not also himself, and that suspicion made him exceedingly wary about answering questions.

"What do you want with him?" in a more conciliatory tone than he had used before.

"I want to see him."

"What for?" persisted Cutcliff.

"On a matter of personal business," replied Captain Gale, stiffly.

"He was here a while ago, but he's gone away."

"Gone away?" said the captain, in a tone of great disappointment.

"That's what."

"But you expect him back, don't you?" asked the master of the Fleetwing.

"He might be back to-night, and then, ag'in, he might not," shuffled Cutcliff.

"You can give me his address, where he lives, can't you?" eagerly.

The rascal shook his head, with half a grin.

"What are we going to do, Sid?" asked Captain Gale, turning to his guide.

Before the boy could reply, Cutcliff said:

"If you'll leave your name and business, I'll give it to him when I see him again."

"Can't you send for him? I'm very anxious to see him—you haven't the least idea how anxious," said the captain, almost imploringly. "I know he'll come just as soon as he hears I'm here. Mr. Sharpley is my dead wife's half-brother. Send him word that Cap'n Gale, who's been away these eight years, is here waiting for him."

At that moment you might have knocked Cutcliff down with a feather.

"Are you Cap'n Gale?" he gasped, forgetting the presence of the girl in the room.

"I am. Cap'n Ed'ard Gale, formerly of the ship Wanderer, lost at sea, with all hands except myself, seven years ago; and I've come to see my little Jessie—"

A thrilling scream cut his further utterance in two.

The girl started forward, wildly, and extended her arms to the master of the Fleetwing.

"Father! Father!" she cried, frantically. "Are you alive? I am your child, Jessie Gale!"

"You my Jessie!" exclaimed Captain Gale, hardly believing for the moment that this girl of the slums, fair and innocent as she looked, could be his daughter—the child he had believed to be reared in an atmosphere fitted to her parentage.

As the situation dawned upon Cutcliff, he uttered a terrible oath, and attempted to put himself between the two.

But the skipper brushed him aside with hardly an effort, and catching the girl in his arms, took her lovely face in his two weatherbeaten hands and looked earnestly into a pair of eyes that were the exact duplicate of his dead wife's.

"Gracious heaven! Are you indeed my Jessie? My little darling whom I have not seen in eight long years!"

"Yes, father!" she cried, sobbing for very joy as she nestled closer in his arms.

"And I meet you here—here in this place! A boarding-house on the docks. What does it all mean?"

"Oh, father, don't ask me!" she begged, with a shudder. "Take me away with you. Do take me away."

"Take you away? Why, of course I'll take you away. That's what brought me over here. I came for you, but I did not expect to find you in such— Explain, sir!" he exclaimed, wrathfully, turning upon the discomfited Cutcliff. "What is the meaning of this? When we entered this place we found you in the act of striking this child—my daughter! Answer me, or by the eternal, I'll have the house down about

your ears! Where is Mr. Sharpley? He shall answer to me for this outrage! Where is he, I say?"

But to Cutcliff's great relief he was saved from the disagreeable necessity of making a truthful reply to the irate sea captain.

A purring voice just behind the captain rescued him from his dilemma.

"Cap'n Gale! Is it possible? I'm overjoyed to see you."

The greeting came from Mr. Sharpley, who had silently appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER VII.

A CRAFTY RASCAL.

Mr. Sharpley, who had returned to the "Seaman's Rest" at a moment which promised confusion to all his plans, had taken in the situation the instant he entered the barroom unperceived by its occupants.

Many a rascal under such trying circumstances would no doubt have slipped out again by the way he came, and, taking time by the forelock, have sought safety in the best way he could.

But Mr. Sharpley was not built that way.

He had too much at stake, as he had remarked to his associate in guilt, to throw up the sponge at the first setback.

Naturally quick-witted, in a moment he decided on his course of action.

He composed his villainous face, assuming what he meant to be a pleased smile, but which was in reality only a treacherous leer, and advancing into the room, uttered the welcome which at once attracted Captain Gale's attention from Cutcliff to himself.

The captain hardly recognized him, so greatly had rascality altered his dead wife's half-brother, and for the moment stared at him without uttering a word.

"What, Edward," continued the schemer, going up to the shipmaster with outstretched hand, "don't you know me?"

Captain Gale looked hard at him, but with a doubtful, mistrusting expression; and as he gazed there seemed to come from out the cunning, shifty countenance a look which somehow or other was strangely familiar to him; but even then he could hardly trust his eyes.

"Sharpley," he said, slowly and doubtingly, "is it you, Sharpley?"

"Look again, Edward, look again."

He tried to speak with a light-hearted cordiality, but the attempt was at the best a miserable failure.

"So," said Captain Gale, at length satisfied of the man's identity, "it is really you, Samuel Sharpley."

"Yes, Edward, yes; no other."

"Well, I'm glad to see you," in a tone which was more of menace than of welcome.

"Thank you, Edward," purred the rascal, leeringly. "It does one's eyes good to see you back among us again after we'd given you up for dead. It does, indeed, Edward. You are going to stay with us some time, I hope."

"We'll talk of that, maybe, when you've set a few things right that don't strike me in the proper light at present," replied the captain, sternly.

"Whatever you want to know, Edward, you've only to ask. I'm ready to answer all questions, especially any concerning your sweet little daughter Jessie, whom I took it upon myself to bring up in your absence."

Cutcliff, who had wondered how his partner was going to extricate himself from his desperate fix, was fairly paralyzed by the smooth, unemotional way Mr. Sharpley was conducting himself.

His method was a revelation even to his guilt-steeped associate, and the fellow gazed upon him with undisguised admiration.

"Well, Mr. Sharpley," replied Captain Gale, drily, "I hope you will be able to explain to my satisfaction how it is I find my Jessie in such a den as this appears to be. Answer me, sir; is this the way you have fulfilled your trust?"

"Now, Edward, I beg you will have patience," answered Mr. Sharpley, in a tone so meek that Cutcliff rubbed his eyes to make sure it was actually his partner who had spoken. "Let us go upstairs, where the surroundings are, ahem! not quite so—shall I say repulsive, and I am sure we shall come to a proper understanding."

"No, no, father!" cried Jessie, clinging closer to him. "Take me away, please. I don't want to stay here, indeed I don't."

"You hear that, Mr. Sharpley?" said the captain, stroking

the girl's head fondly. "You hear what she says? I can feel her tremble in my arms. This looks bad."

"I don't wonder the poor child wishes to get away," replied Mr. Sharpley, hypocritically. "At best this house has few attractions for her."

If the lawyer ever spoke the truth in his life he told it then, though the wily rascal had a purpose in his admission, which circumstances forced from him.

As for Cutcliff, he was amazed at his partner's nerve.

"Yes," went on Mr. Sharpley, rubbing his hands with invisible soap, and heaving a long-drawn sigh, "the poor child has had to put up with a great deal which could not be avoided."

"Could not be avoided? What do you mean?"

"I regret the confession, Edward, but things have gone hard with us; very hard, indeed. We have come down from a position of respectability to one of comparative poverty."

"How can that be?" demanded the captain, a bit puzzled, and not a little angry. "You have regularly received a considerable sum from Page & Bacon, the interest and dividends from one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars worth of securities—"

"How much? One hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, you say?" cried the lawyer, in great surprise, for Mr. Bacon had carefully concealed from him the real value of the captain's property, leading him to believe it was not a third of that sum.

"Well, Mr. Sharpley, how does that concern you?" replied the master of the Fleetwing, bluntly. "You received the profits on my investments, did you not? And you were supposed to apply it to the support and education of my Jessie. It looks as if you had betrayed your trust."

"I beg you will curb your feelings, Edward," said Mr. Sharpley, with an effort. "I was about to explain."

"I am waiting for your explanation, sir," replied the captain, restraining his bubbling indignation.

"I acknowledge I received certain sums of money from Page & Bacon," admitted the lawyer, feeling certain that Captain Gale had the facts of the case from the Wall Street brokers. "But," here Mr. Sharpley screwed his countenance into a melancholy look, "financial difficulties overtook me, and I endeavored to recover myself by resorting to games of chance."

Mr. Sharpley was telling the truth again, though it must have astonished his tongue; but his object was to work upon the captain's sympathy.

"Do you mean to say you have gambled with Jessie's money?" roared the skipper.

"Edward," he replied, humbly, "we all have our failures."

"Well, you are a pretty trustee, upon my word."

"I hope you won't be hard on me, Edward," he whined. "I see now the error of my ways. I have treated the poor child shabbily, I admit, and I humbly ask your pardon. I meant well, but the flesh was weak. You know I always was a kind of black sheep, Edward. Your wife, my sainted half-sister, tried to win me from my follies, but the ground under my feet was slippery—very slippery."

The very humility of Mr. Sharpley's confession disarmed the captain's just anger, and the rascal, who had been craftily working toward that end, was quick to grasp his advantage.

"I hardly expect your forgiveness, Edward, for I know I have wounded you in a tender spot; but at least let us try to part seeming friends. You have your Jessie. She is a good, sweet girl, and will make your old age happy. I have tried—but we won't say any more about that."

Mr. Sharpley moved over in front of his partner, and dexterously pushed into one of his hands a small bottle he had previously taken from his pocket.

"Before we part forever, perhaps," continued the rascal, making a feint to brush a tear from his eye, "let us drink to each other's health. You won't refuse me that small favor, Edward. It's the last I'll ask of you."

Cutcliff, who had dropped to his associate's purpose, quickly brought out a bottle of the best liquor the house had on hand, and while rinsing the glasses, dropped a portion of the drug into one of them, quickly covering it with three fingers' depth of liquor.

Then he poured a second dram for his partner, and shoved the glasses toward the respective individuals.

"I'd prefer not to drink with you, Sharpley, under the circumstances," replied Captain Gale; "but as you seem to be sorry for your almost unpardonable conduct, I'm willing to bury my resentment, with the understanding that our ways hereafter shall lie wide apart."

Mr. Sharpley, who had feared the captain was about to

refuse to fall into his trap, hid a malicious grin behind his hands, and stepped up to the bar.

"Jessie," said her father, "we are going to leave here now; but before we go I want you to know Sidney Graham," and he motioned to the boy, who had been a quiet observer of all that had passed, to draw nearer. "Sid, this is my Jessie—my little ewe lamb—the very likeness of her dead mother. Take her by the hand, my lad, for I want you to be the best of friends. Jessie, this lad saved your father's life on Wall Street this morning, and I expect you will be grateful to him for it."

"Oh, Mr. Graham," she cried, earnestly, "did you really save my father?"

"Well, I can't deny that I pulled him out of a tight scrape," laughed Sid, much impressed by the girl's singular beauty and charm of manner.

"Then I shall be grateful to you as long as I live!" she cried, impulsively.

"Thank you, Miss Jessie. I hope we shall be very good friends."

"I am sure we shall," she replied, with a shy glance of admiration at the good-looking boy.

"That's right," said Captain Gale, in a pleased tone. "Now take charge of her, Sid, while I humor this miserable apology of a man by drinking his health."

He stepped up beside the bar and took up the glass of drugged liquor.

"Your health, Edward," said Mr. Sharpley, humbly.

"Yours, Sharpley. May you become a better man, though I doubt if you ever will."

The glasses clinked and the toast was drunk.

"Now, Jessie, Sid, we will go," said the captain as he put down his glass. "Good-by, Sharpley. For your dead half-sister's sake I will bury the past, but I trust we may not meet again."

The three walked to the door, and Sid tried to open it. It was locked.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN A BAD FIX.

"The door is locked," said Sid, after he had vainly tried to open it.

"Locked!" exclaimed the captain, grasping the knob and giving it an ineffectual wrench. "This is singular."

Jessie crept closer to her father and looked frightened.

"How is this, Sharpley?" Captain Gale demanded of the rascal. "This door is locked."

The lawyer looked up, with a repulsive leer on his face.

He had been hurriedly whispering something to Cutcliff.

"You must be mistaken, Edward," replied the schemer, without making a move.

His object evidently was to gain time for the drug to work on the generous-hearted old sea captain.

As for the boy and the girl, he hardly took them into consideration.

He would have been less confident if he had known the courageous nature of Sid Graham.

"I'm not mistaken. The door is locked," answered the captain, impatiently.

Mr. Sharpley pretended to be incredulous, and apparently to satisfy himself, went over and tried the door.

"You'll have to go out by the wharf door," remarked the lawyer, with an evil smile.

"No, no, father," protested Jessie, who seemed to suspect the two men of some crooked intention.

"What's the difference which door we take, little one?" said Captain Gale.

Sid Graham didn't like the looks of things any more than he fancied the joint itself.

"Haven't you a key to this door?" he asked, turning upon the lawyer. "You came in this way yourself."

Mr. Sharpley appeared to be very deaf all at once, for he took no notice of the boy's question.

"This way, Edward," he said to the sea captain. "I'll let you out by the wharf door."

"Father, I'm afraid he means you harm," begged Jessie, bursting into tears.

"Means me harm! What, that whippersnapper? I could handle three like him," chuckled the captain. "Come. As we can't get out this way, why, we'll take the other door."

Mr. Sharpley led the way toward a door at the end of the

barroom, and as the party filed toward it, Cutcliff drew a slung-shot from his pocket and glided after them.

The lawyer opened the door and entered a sort of sitting-room, overlooking the river.

As Captain Gale was following, Cutcliff stepped forward, seized Sid and swung him aside, and struck the master of the Fleetwing a stunning blow on the head with his weapon.

As the captain fell, face forward, on the floor, Jessie uttered a piercing scream and threw herself beside her father.

"Look after the gal," cried Cutcliff, rapidly, "I'll answer for the boy."

He slammed the door to and turned about to attend to Graham.

Sid had quickly recovered himself, but noting the slung-shot in the scoundrel's hand he seized a stool and swung it viciously at Cutcliff's head.

As Sid was a strong boy for his years, the blow would have knocked the ruffian out if it had struck him squarely.

But no such fortunate thing happened.

He faced the lad in time to throw up one of his powerful arms and arrest the intended blow in mid-air.

Then he closed with Sid.

The struggle which followed was brief, for Graham was no match for the big rascal.

The stool flew into a corner, and Sid slipped and went down on the floor, with Cutcliff on top of him.

The ruffian dropped the slung-shot as he fell over the youth, and it rolled out of his reach.

But he didn't need it.

He grasped at Sid's throat, and failing to get a hold, owing to the violence of the boy's struggles, he struck Graham a heavy blow on the head with one of his fists, half stunning him.

"I guess I've fixed you, you cantankerous whelp!" he muttered, seeing that the boy had ceased all movement. "Now, I'll put you where you won't have a chance to butt in any more."

He raised a trap leading to the cellar under the barroom, grasped the boy in his arms and carried him down into the filthy, ill-smelling place.

"There, I hope you'll enjoy your bed," he gritted, as he laid his burden on the rough planks which formed the flooring. "You'll stay here till we kin attend to your case."

Then he left the semi-conscious boy, ascended the steps, threw down the trapdoor into its place, and rolled a beer keg on top of it.

Ten minutes might have elapsed before Sid recovered his senses sufficiently to make a move.

He sat up, to find himself in utter silence and darkness.

Where was he?

That he could not tell.

He got upon his feet and stretched out his arms, but they came in contact with nothing.

"This is a nice pickle I'm in, for fair," he muttered, gloomily. "And I'm afraid things have gone hard with Captain Gale and his daughter. What a villain that lawyer, Sharpley, is! He looks capable of committing a murder without turning a hair. As to his ruffianly associate, he's a gallow's-bird if there ever was one. I wonder what they intend to do with me? Do me up, I suppose, at their leisure. And this is a fitting place for the commission of any dark deed. The river is right up against this building. A knock on the head and a quiet toss out of a window—that's all that's necessary to get rid of a human incumbrance," with a shudder. "Well, I'm not going to be put out that way if I can help myself," he added, resolutely. "Thank goodness, I always carry a match-safe, though I'm not a smoker. It's handy to have about one, and never more welcome than at this moment."

Sid struck a match, and as the tiny flame flared up he looked curiously about him.

He saw he was in a cellar, and from the collection of apparently empty beer and whisky barrels scattered about, judged it was beneath the barroom of the "Seaman's Rest."

The floor and walls were thickly covered with an accumulation of dust and dirt, while the corners were festooned with a heavy collection of cobwebs.

Part of a candle, supported by three nails driven into a small block of wood, stood on the top of one of the barrels, and Sid hailed its appearance with satisfaction.

Beside it was a wooden hammer-like instrument used for driving in the bungs of casks.

Sid lit the candle and taking it in his hand made a more critical survey of his prison.

Of course he noticed the stairs connecting with the trap-

door at once, and the first thing he did was to creep softly up them and push against the trap.

It resisted all the strength he could bring to bear upon it. "Locked on the other side," he muttered. "I ought to have known it would be."

Returning to the cellar floor again, he began to look for the usual sidewalk opening.

Lying upon the floor he saw a skid, used for sliding barrels down an incline.

Flashing the light in that direction he made out a break in the stone wall.

Crossing over, he saw a series of wooden steps rising at an acute angle.

Ascending a couple of them brought him within reach of the customary cellar flaps, joined in the center.

On pushing against them he found, as he had feared, that the covering was secured on the other side, probably by a heavy hasp and padlock.

"No chance of getting out this way, that's certain," he breathed.

Then he continued his inspection of the place.

"I believe there's a door here," he said, as he noticed an indentation in the stone wall at one end of the cellar.

The break in the wall was almost hidden by a pile of empty wine and champagne boxes, stacked up to the ceiling.

Dislodging one of the boxes, he pushed the candle into the hole.

"It is a door, all right, but of course it's locked."

As he didn't mean to let any possible chance to escape from the place go by him, he set to work to investigate.

He had to remove a dozen boxes before he came to the knob, and then he noticed that the door was held by a bolt.

It was rusty and stiff from disuse, but by the aid of a few taps from the bung mallet Sid shot it, and pushed the door open.

The cold, salty breath of the river saluted his nostrils.

Looking around the enclosure he had stumbled upon, he thought at first from the collection of spiles which rose out of a watery foundation that he was beneath the wharf adjoining the "Seaman's Rest."

"I'm out of that den, at any rate," he murmured. "All I have to do is to clamber across these spiles, get on the wharf and rush off for police assistance to save the captain and his daughter from the designs of those scoundrels."

The spiles were crossed by numerous braces, and afforded an easy means of getting to what Sid supposed was the edge of the wharf.

He was handicapped by the necessity of carrying the lighted candle with him to light up his surroundings, and prevent him from making an unlucky step, for the place was as dark as the blackest night, and the swashing sound of the water around the base of the spiles warned him of the consequences of an unfortunate tumble.

Cautiously he moved across the network of braces until he reached the further side of the place.

Sticking his head out into the open air and glancing upward, he saw not the stringpiece of a wharf, but the smooth outline of a building.

The wharf, like a piece of smut in the air, was only a few yards away, and easy to be reached, but for the moment he was directly under the continuation of the "Seaman's Rest."

Looking out on the river, Sid saw a distant ferryboat heading in for her slip, and far beyond her glimmered the lights on Manhattan Island.

The boy had no more use for his candle, so he dropped it into the water.

Further inspection above showed him a sort of stringpiece, a foot in width, running the length of the building.

"If I can pull myself up on that it will be easy walking to the wharf, and will save time."

To a lad of his gymnastic training the feat was not very difficult, and he was presently standing upon the stringpiece, with his back against the building.

He found that the footboard was not as stable as he had supposed, and therefore he moved forward with considerable caution, feeling his way as he went.

A window overlooked his path about half-way to the wharf. Two of the panes were broken and patched with paper.

As he drew close to it he saw a dim light shining through the dirty glass.

Glancing cautiously in through a comparatively clean patch, he was somewhat startled to see the forbidding features of Samuel Sharpley and Benjamin Cutcliff within a foot or two of the window.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT SID SAW AND HEARD THROUGH THE WINDOW.

The two scoundrels were seated at a table placed against the window, and were smoking and drinking.

Mr. Sharpley had in his hands the red leather pocketbook which Sid at once recognized as the property of Captain Gale, for it was the same in which he had placed the card on which the boy had written his name and address at the captain's request, while they sat together in the Broad street cafe that morning.

Every word spoken by the rascals in the room came distinctly to Sid's ear through the patched window panes, and a part of the conversation rather astonished him.

Mr. Sharpley had already abstracted the money that the pocketbook contained, for it lay in a small pile on the table beside his elbow.

But he seemed to be searching for something else, for he took paper by paper from the different pockets and examined them carefully by the light of the candle which furnished illumination.

"Perhaps it ain't there," Sid heard Cutcliff remark, as he eagerly leaned across the table, his unshaven face looking decidedly dirty and forbidding.

"It ought to be here unless——"

"Unless what?"

"He left it behind aboard his ship."

The paper appeared to be of great importance to the rascally pair, for the very idea that it might be out of their reach brought an oath from the tobacco-stained lips of the big ruffian.

Finally, Mr. Sharpley came to the end compartment, and, inserting his talon-like fingers, fished out a bit of carefully folded paper.

He opened it out carefully and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

Sid, peering through the glass, saw that the paper bore the lithographed heading of Page & Bacon.

"Got it, have you?" cried Cutcliff, eagerly.

"Yes. This is Page & Bacon's acknowledgment of the receipt on deposit from Captain Edward Gale of one hundred Alpha & Omega five per cent. first mortgage bonds, market value nine thousand dollars; and five hundred shares of preferred stock of same company, market value twenty thousand dollars—in all twenty-nine thousand dollars."

"Is that all?" asked Cutcliff, in a disappointed tone.

"That's all."

"Then, what did the cap'n mean when he said in the bar-room that Page & Bacon had paid you the interest on securities worth one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars?"

"This receipt is dated eight years ago, Cutcliff. The stock and bonds must have gone up in value. You've got a morning paper somewhere about the place, haven't you?"

"I've got one somewheres."

"Well, get it and I'll look Alpha & Omega up, and see what it's worth."

While Cutcliff went hunting for the paper, the lawyer took up the money, skinned a couple of the big bills off the bottom and put them away in one of his pockets.

Honesty among thieves was clearly not one of his virtues.

Then he laid the money down in exactly the same place it was before, and was replacing the rejected papers in the pocketbook when his partner returned with the paper.

Mr. Sharpley took it out of his hand, turned to the financial page and scanned the reports of sales on the Stock Exchange.

"Alpha & Omega, closing price, 125," he read.

"What does that mean?" asked his confederate, in a puzzled tone.

"It means the stock is worth one hundred and twenty-five dollars per share," said the lawyer, in great satisfaction.

"Does that make one hundred and thirty-six dollars?" asked the big scoundrel, with a covetous glance.

"Well, hardly," replied his partner. "I've got to look the bonds up yet. Ah, here they are: Alpha & Omega, first mortgage fives, one hundred and ten dollars. Give me a bit of paper and I'll figure the thing out."

Cutcliff produced some dirty torn sheets of notepaper from the drawer of the table.

The lawyer took a lead pencil from his vest-pocket.

"Five hundred shares at one hundred and twenty-five dollars is sixty two thousand five hundred; one hundred bonds at one hundred and ten dollars is eleven thousand dollars—total, seventy-three thousand five hundred dollars."

"That isn't one hundred and thirty-six thousand," grumbled Cutcliff.

"No," said Mr. Sharpley, who, of course, had no idea that by the "watering" process the 500 shares had become 1,000, "but it's a pretty tidy amount. The captain must have other securities in Page & Bacon's hands if they really hold one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars worth of his property. They never told me anything about what they had—the foxy scoundrels!—nor what was the value of the captain's holdings. I didn't suppose he was worth more than thirty thousand dollars, and I wormed that information out of my half-sister before she died. I thought I had turned the screws on Page & Bacon, and was making a good thing out of them these six years past, when the truth seems that they have been doing me up to the queen's taste, and laughing at me in their sleeves. The villains!" exclaimed Mr. Sharpley, in a passion. "But I'll make 'em pay for it! This is the article," holding up the receipt, "which shall make 'em stump up handsomely, or I'll expose 'em in court."

"They meant to do the gal out of the cap'n's dust, eh?"

"That's their idea. They thought he was dead and out of the way for good. They believed the receipt went down with him and his ship. Nobody but they know what the cap'n owned. If he hadn't sent me that power of attorney to draw on them I shouldn't have known where that thirty thousand dollars worth of property I figured on had gone to, and then they'd have had everything in their hands. If it hadn't been that I knew the court never would have appointed me the girl's guardian, I'd have made it warm for Page & Bacon; but that was where they had me, and I had to make the best bargain I could with them—the villains! If the cap'n, when he visited them to-day, had only known what slippery ducks they are, he wouldn't have left his property in their hands five minutes. But he didn't know, and he'll never know now. He was an easy bird for them to pluck; but this receipt will make 'em ante up a fair share of his property, or there's going to be trouble."

Mr. Sharpley then went on to tell his associate about the swindling arrangement he had entered into with Page & Bacon by which he received a certain sum every three months as a kind of side-partner in the robbery of the presumed orphan—Jessie Gale—and as Sid Graham heard every word of this confidential disclosure his faith in the integrity of the firm who employed him received a terrible jar.

"With this receipt, and the girl under my thumb, Page & Bacon will have to toe the mark," grinned the lawyer, exultantly. "As you are in with me on this business now, for I can't dispose of the cap'n without your help, we'll divide even on whatever we can bleed the Wall Street brokers out of."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk, Sharpley. A square deal every time between business associates is my motto."

The lawyer grinned, but the grin meant no good to Benjamin Cutcliff.

"No," continued the big scoundrel, "there ain't no use waitin' till all hours to finish this bit of business we have in hand. Between the drug and the crack on the nut I handed him out, the seafarin' gent will be pie in our hands. All we've got to do is to fetch him down to this room, tie a good weight around his feet, and with a bit of rope lower him out of this window into the river. The night is dark as the ace of spades, so there ain't no chance for nobody to see us doin' the trick. As we're both in it, there ain't no fear of either of us squealin' on the other."

The lawyer grinned again, but more sardonic than before.

"After that, we'll treat the boy to a dose of the same physic; that removes all the evidence in the case; then, even if the gal should give us the slip any time and make a squeal, nothin' kin be brought ag'in us, see?"

Evidently, Mr. Sharpley saw the point, for he grinned again, more horribly than ever.

CHAPTER X.

TRICKING THE ENEMY.

"What shall I do?" fluttered Sid, as he saw the two villains leave the room. "They're going to complete their murderous work by drowning Captain Gale. How shall I save him, for save him I must? I haven't a weapon of any kind, and there isn't time for me to hunt up a police officer."

He stood on the frail footboard outside the window, fairly shivering with excitement and anxiety.

Suddenly a plan occurred to him, like an inspiration from

heaven—a plan whose very ingeniousness seemed to promise success.

But to carry it out he must have a boat.

That should not be so hard to find in that neighborhood.

Well, if he was to put his scheme into execution he had no time to lose.

He moved along the stringpiece in the direction of the wharf.

In a few moments he was standing on the dock.

He ran across the planks to a landing place he had noticed that evening in the gathering dusk when he and Captain Gale had walked to the "Seaman's Rest."

At that time he had seen several small boats tied to the lowest step of the landing stairs.

Were they, or even one of them, still there? That was the all-important question.

Running down the steps to the water's edge, he hurriedly struck a match.

The sputtering light showed him that the boats were there.

"Thank heaven," he murmured, fervently. "I shall be able to avert a terrible crime!"

The fact that there were no oars in the boats did not worry him.

The distance he had to go was so short that he could pull himself around to the scene of action by means of the spiles.

To pull out his jack-knife and sever the rope which secured the smallest of the boats was but the work of a moment.

Then, stepping into her, he pulled her under the wharf, and so on, until he came out on the other side; then he guided her along the spiles until he reached a position directly under the window through which Cutcliff had proposed to launch the unconscious form of Captain Gale to his death.

There he waited in the darkness for developments.

Presently he heard the window sash above raised.

In a moment or two he heard a sound which told him that an object of some kind, which he believed to be the captain, was being pushed out and lowered slowly and with deliberation.

He heard it strike against the footboard on which he had been standing when listening at the window.

Gazing eagerly upward, he perceived a dark object come between his eyes and the sky.

Its outline was surely that of a good-sized human being.

Soon it hung clear of the stringpiece and came down toward the boat.

When it came within reach he extended his hands and guided it into his little craft.

As the body sank into the bottom of the boat Sid grasped the ropes that ran under the captain's armpits and pulled steadily on them, just enough to give the villains above the idea that the body was going right down to the bed of the river.

Finally, when he thought enough of the rope had been payed out he stopped pulling, dexterously yanked the strands from under the unconscious man's arms and let the rope drop softly into the water.

As he did so one of the ends of the rope struck the water with a splash, the line was rapidly pulled up, and soon disappeared in the gloom above.

His scheme had succeeded finely, and Captain Gale's life was saved, though he was yet well under the influence of the drug.

But Jessie Gale was still in the hands of the enemy.

She was not in any danger of her life, it was true, but it did not seem as if his work could be regarded as satisfactory unless he was able to devise and execute some plan which would secure her escape as well as her father's.

How was this to be done?

Then he suddenly recollected that it was Cutcliff's purpose to visit the cellar with the object of polishing off the prisoner he supposed to be still there.

"By George! they'll see the boxes down and the door open. That will show them I have made my escape, and just how I managed to do it. They will naturally believe I've gone to give them away at the nearest police station. That will throw them into a panic, and they will vamoose the ranch, taking Jessie with them, and the captain may lose track of his daughter altogether, which would be tough. Is there any way to avoid this?"

A dozen schemes flashed through his brain, only to be discarded in turn as impracticable.

At last a daring, we might call it desperate, plan occurred to him.

He would return to the cellar and conceal himself there,

leaving, however, the evidence pointing to his escape plainly to be seen by either or both of the rascals who came down, bent on his death.

Then he would trust to luck for a chance to turn the tables on them.

A boy less courageous, less nervy, than Sid Graham would have hesitated or declined to engage upon so hazardous a venture, even in behalf of so pretty and good a girl as Jessie Gale.

But Sid was plucky and venturesome to the backbone.

Where his duty pointed he was always ready to take chances.

He had already shown this spirit in his daring rescue of Captain Gale from under the very nose of the fire department horses that morning.

He knew that Jessie was dearer to the captain than his life, therefore he was ready to face a serious peril that she might be restored to her father.

Having decided upon the course he meant to pursue, Sid paddled the boat with his hands under that part of the building built on spiles.

He tied the craft to one of the innermost spiles, where it would hardly be noticed even if a light was flashed around the watery place.

Feeling easy about the captain, Sid climbed over to the door, which was still open as he had left it.

Entering the building he disarranged the boxes still more, so that they would attract immediate attention.

Then he crept in between the wall and a tier of empty beer barrels and waited.

He had not long to wait, though Sid thought he was there fully half an hour, when the trapdoor was thrown up, and Cutcliff, with a lantern in his hand, followed by the lawyer, came down into the cellar.

"Stand where you are, Sharpley!" ordered the big ruffian, when they reached the foot of the steps. That young monkey has probably recovered his senses by this time and may make a break for the stairs while I'm lookin' for him."

So Mr. Sharpley covered the approach of the steps leading to the barroom, while his associate flashed the light around the cellar.

Suddenly Cutcliff uttered a fierce oath.

His eyes had lighted upon the scattered boxes and the open door beyond.

"Come here, Sharpley!" he roared, furiously. "That boy has escaped by this old door, which has never been opened since we've been here. How he discovered it behind that pile of boxes gets me. We'll have to cut out now with the girl in pretty short order, for he'll notify the police, and we'll be arrested if found here and the house searched for the seafarin' gent and his daughter."

The lawyer dashed over to his side, uttering language that would not look well in print.

Cutcliff flashed the light of the lantern upon the spiles, but couldn't see any sign of the fugitive.

Mr. Sharpley was simply in a boiling rage, and he attacked his companion for not having bound his prisoner by the hands and feet before leaving him alone in the cellar.

While they were fighting it out together, Sid slipped up the steps to the barroom, shut down the trapdoor and piled two beer kegs on top of it.

"While they are waking up to the situation, and climbing out over the spiles, I'll have time to search the house for Jessie," he breathed.

Not knowing the lay of the place, Sid ran into the room next to the barroom, first of all.

This was the sitting-room where the rascals had been conversing when the boy watched them through the window.

Across a chair Mr. Sharpley had carelessly thrown his coat just before entering the cellar.

It would have attracted but a moment's notice from Sid, but for the fact that his sharp eye caught sight of one end of Captain Gale's red pocketbook sticking out of an inner pocket.

Graham pounced upon the article at once and thrust it into an inner pocket of his jacket.

Then he continued his search for the stairway to the upper regions of the building.

But there was no sign of such a thing at this end of the house.

"It must be at the other end of the barroom," thought the boy, hurriedly retracing his steps.

Sure enough, when he opened a door near the further corner of the bar, he saw a dark passage and a flight of stairs.

Hastily mounting the uncarpeted steps he came upon a cor-

ridor where a lonesome-looking gas-jet disclosed six doors, three on each side of the passage.

One after the other he tried the knobs; the doors yielded, and a hasty examination of each room showed it to be empty.

"Where can Jessie be?" Sid asked himself, in a fever of impatience.

At the far end of the corridor he came upon a narrow flight of steps communicating with an old-fashioned attic.

He sprang up these, two steps at a time, in the dark, until his outstretched hands encountered a door.

Striking a match he tried the knob, but found the door fastened.

Then he saw that a key was in the lock.

He snapped it back and the door opened.

The expiring match burned his fingers and he let it fall, leaving himself in a profound gloom.

He struck another match and gazed around a low-ceiled apartment, whose roof sloped to a pair of dormer windows overlooking the street.

There was a rag carpet on the floor, a small bureau, wash-stand, two chairs, a little table with a red cover, and a bed.

Face down across the bed lay the object of his search—Jessie Gale.

Her attitude showed she had abandoned herself to grief and despair.

Observing a candle on the table, Sid lit it, and then walking over to the bed laid his hand upon the girl's arm and shook her.

"Jessie—Jessie!" he cried.

She started up as in a dream, with half-parted lips, and looked at him in a dazed way.

"Don't you know me, Jessie?" he asked, eagerly.

She sprang to her feet, her lips moved, but not a sound came.

"I am Sid Graham. Your father is safe and I have come to take you to him."

She uttered a cry and seized him by the arm.

"My father! Oh, where is he?"

"Come with me and you shall see him. We haven't a moment to lose."

She burst into a passion of tears, and for the moment seemed unable to stir.

Sid put his arm gently about her, led her, unresistingly, from the room, down the stairs, through the corridor, thence to the barroom, and finally into the sitting-room.

Throwing up the window he looked out into the night, only to come face to face with Benjamin Cutcliff, who had just climbed upon the stringpiece outside.

CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF DANGER AT LAST.

The surprise was mutual, and for an instant neither made a movement.

Then Cutcliff, with an oath, made a grab at Sid.

The boy evaded his clutch by springing to one side, while at the same time he struck the scoundrel a heavy blow in the face.

Cutcliff slipped and only saved himself from falling into the water by catching hold of the window-sill with both of his hands.

One of his feet, however, struck Mr. Sharpley, who was crawling onto the footboard behind him, a sweeping blow, which dislodged the lawyer from his perch and threw him backward into the water.

He gave one gasping cry, then struck the river with a loud splash, and the water closed above his head.

Cutcliff, unmindful or unconscious of the damage he had inflicted on his partner in crime, struggled to recover his foothold on the stringpiece.

His repulsive countenance was distorted with passion, and what he meant to do to Sid as soon as he got his hands on him would not have been pleasant for the boy.

But Sid was fully aroused to the peril of his position, and was prepared to put up the fight of his life—not only in his own behalf, but for Jessie, whose safety depended on his success.

The girl, standing back in the room, watched the fight with distended and frightened eyes.

Long experience with the cruel and brutal nature of Benjamin Cutcliff had brought her to look upon him with horror and loathing.

Many beatings at his hands had cowed her so that she always shivered at the sound of his voice.

As the ruffian, swearing frightfully, got one knee on the stringpiece, Sid struck him another blow in his unprotected face—landing on one of his blood-shot eyes.

He might as well have punched a wooden man for all the effect it had on the fellow, except to increase the flow of his vile language.

Cutcliff was a tough, used to taking and giving punishment in many a hard-fought scrap, and Sid's blows didn't bother him worth mentioning.

With a roar of rage the scoundrel sprang up on the footboard and prepared to dash through the window, when the stringpiece, which was not strong, gave way under him and he disappeared from the sight of the boy, after clutching vainly at the window-sill.

A second splash in the water showed the fate which had overtaken him.

Come, Jessie, we must get out of here!" cried Sid, with energy. That villain will climb up again as soon as he gets his hands on the spiles. Your father is in a boat right under this room, and we must reach him somehow at once."

She allowed him to lead her into the barroom.

He pushed the beer kegs off of the trap, opened it and bade her follow him down.

Reaching the cellar, which was dimly illuminated by the lantern the villains had left behind them when they took to the cross-pieces of the spiles to make their way out after they had found they were cut off from the barroom, Sid, closely followed by Jessie, went quickly to the open door and looked out.

He dimly made out a couple of dripping shadows, which he knew to be Mr. Sharpley and his ruffianly partner, shinning up the spiles near where they had fallen into the river.

"Wait here, Jessie," said Sid, "till I fetch the boat to take you off."

"You won't be long?" she asked, in quivering tones. "I'm so nervous and frightened."

"Don't worry, little girl," he replied, laying his hand on her arm, reassuringly. "The boat, with your father in it, is only a few feet away. I will have it here in a moment."

He swung himself off onto a cross-piece and she lost sight of him in the darkness.

It was quite an ordeal for her, waiting there in the darkness of the open door for him to return with the boat.

Only a few minutes really elapsed, but to the frightened girl it seemed endless.

Just as Sid pushed the boat up alongside of the door there was a sound of heavy footsteps above, which showed that Cutcliff and Sharpley had re-entered the building.

Jessie heard them, and almost collapsed at the thought that they might come into the cellar and find her standing there.

Sid heard them, and he judged they would rush down into the cellar just as soon as they saw the trapdoor was open.

"Jump in, Jessie," he said, reaching up his arms to her.

She jumped and he placed her on one of the seats.

"My father, where is he?" she cried, in an agitated voice.

"Lying on the bottom of the boat behind you."

"Oh, he is not dead—don't say he is dead!" she exclaimed, in a voice of anguish.

"No, Jessie, he is not dead," he hastened to assure her.

"But why is he so silent and motionless?" she asked. "What is the matter with him?"

"He has been drugged. I heard that big rascal say so."

"Drugged! Oh, heaven!"

"They gave him the usual knockout drops, I guess. He'll come out of his stupor after a while as well as he ever was."

"Oh, I hope so—I do hope so!" she said, plaintively. "Poor father!" and she wept softly to herself.

In the meantime Sid had guided the boat through the small forest of spiles until he passed under the adjacent wharf.

He did not intend to take the boat back to the landing where he got it, as it was too close to the "Seaman's Rest," and the captain, being unconscious he would have been obliged to leave him and his daughter in the boat while he went off looking for help such as he felt he might depend on, and such a course would have left them exposed to discovery by the villains they had but just evaded.

So Sid paddled the boat slowly along with his hands until he came to the next wharf, under which he passed, like he had the other dock.

Coming into open water once more, he saw right before him a big bark moored to the third wharf.

He decided to board her and ask the captain or the mate,

whoever happened to be in charge, to receive Captain Gale and his daughter for the night.

Hetied the boat's painter to a spile under the bark's bowsprit, and, after telling Jessie of his intentions, clambered to the wharf and sprang aboard the vessel.

A couple of sailors, snoking alongside the rail, hailed him and asked what he wanted.

"Is the captain on board?"

"Yes; he's below."

"I want to see him."

"What's your business?" asked one of the men, who happened to be the steward.

"It's important. Will you tell the captain I want to see him?"

The man hesitated a moment, then he said:

"Wait here and I'll see whether he's turned in yet."

The speaker went aft and disappeared down a short companion-way.

In a few minutes he returned with another man—a short, thick-set person, with a full black beard.

"This is the cap'n," he remarked, and then rejoined his companion beside the rail.

"Well, what do you want with me?" demanded the skipper of the bark, gruffly.

Sid told him in as few words as possible what he wanted.

"You say this man is a sea captain, that he's drugged, and that his daughter is with him, in a small boat alongside the wharf?" said the skipper, incredulously.

"Yes, sir. He and I visited a place in this neighborhood called the 'Seaman's Rest,' a pretty hard resort, and we've barely escaped with our lives."

"I know the place," replied the skipper. "It's the worst hole along the docks, by long odds. How came you to go there?"

"Captain Gale wanted to find a lawyer named Sharpley, on business of great importance. I hope you won't ask me to go into particulars, as the captain and his daughter ought to be taken from the boat at once."

"Very well," acquiesced the skipper of the bark, now apparently satisfied that the boy's statement was correct. "Here, Jones, you and the steward lend this boy a hand. There's a man and a girl in a boat alongside the wharf ahead. Get them on the dock and fetch them aboard."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

With the assistance of the two men, Captain Gale and Jessie were transferred to the deck of the bark and thence to the cabin.

As soon as Sid had provided them with a temporary asylum, he started off up the wharf to inquire his way to a police station.

He was directed to one located three blocks away, and he told his story, with certain reservations, to the officer in charge.

Several plain-clothes men started for the "Seaman's Rest," but when they had forced an entrance into the place they found it deserted.

Samuel Sharpley and Benjamin Cutcliff, finding that both the boy and Jessie Gale had managed to get away, decided that, for the present at least, the game was up, and to avoid the consequences they had brought upon themselves, they took advantage of their chance and made their escape to parts unknown.

CHAPTER XII.

SID BEGINS TO ACCUMULATE MONEY.

It was well on to midnight when Sid left the police station after leaving his address with the sergeant in charge.

He returned to the bark and found that the captain of that vessel had succeeded in bringing Captain Gale to his senses.

The master of the Fleetwing had no knowledge of anything that had happened to him in the "Seaman's Rest" after he had been struck down at the entrance to the sitting-room by Benjamin Cutcliff.

"My daughter tells me that you found her locked in the attic of the house and helped her get away after an exciting conflict with that big ruffian at the window," said the captain, with a grateful look at the brave boy. "Now I want you to tell your story. How did you manage to euchre those scoundrels? And how came I to be in that boat?"

With Captain Gale and his daughter on one side of the cabin table and the skipper and mate of the bark on the other, Sid, sitting at one end, gave a graphic account of what he had gone through that night.

For prudent reasons he omitted from his narrative, for the present, all reference to the captain's securities, as well as the startling disclosure of Page & Bacon's duplicity.

When he told how he saved Captain Gale's life by his wit in bringing the boat under the window to receive his unconscious body that the villainous lawyer and his accomplice, bent on murder, lowered out of the window, the skipper and mate of the bark declared it was the nerviest and slickest piece of work they had ever heard of.

As for the captain himself, he rose from his seat, grasped Sid by both his hands and declared that he could not find words to express his gratitude.

"And to think that is the second time you saved my life to-day," he said, with strong emotion in his voice.

Jessie didn't say a word, but if grateful appreciation ever shone in a girl's eyes it lit up her as they rested on Graham's face.

"I will have to get home now," said Sid, after he had finished his story. "My mother and sisters won't know what has become of me. They haven't seen me since morning, and I am afraid they will be greatly worried."

"Well, my dear lad, we won't detain you, then; but I must see you to-morrow, and have a long talk with you, and I am sure Jessie will want to become better acquainted with you. We are going to stop at the Astor House until the Fleetwing is docked. Come there to-morrow night and have dinner with us."

"Thank you, Captain Gale, I will. And now let me return you your pocketbook taken from you by Mr. Sharpley, and which I was fortunate enough to recover. Will you see if anything is missing? I'm afraid your money is gone."

The captain opened the pocketbook and found that half of his bills were gone.

The half remaining was Mr. Sharpley's share of the swag which he had returned to the wallet, as he intended to keep the pocketbook himself.

When Sid arrived home at three in the morning he found his folks sitting up in a state of nervous excitement over his unusual absence.

Of course he had to tell his story, and his mother and sisters wept and hugged him as they realized what a terrible experience he had gone through, and they did not fail to be grateful to a Higher Power for his providential escape from the perils he had been brought face to face with.

After business next day he visited the Astor House and was shown to Captain Gale's apartments.

He took dinner with the captain and Jessie, who was now more fittingly dressed.

The young people were evidently much attracted to each other, and the master of the Fleetwing beamed upon them with satisfaction as he observed it.

After returning from the dining-room Sid told Captain Gale that he had a most serious and unpleasant disclosure to make to him with reference to his employers, Page & Bacon.

"Although I have been with them more than a year and a half, and they have treated me all right, still, after what I heard last night from Mr. Sharpley's lips, and to which attending circumstances give the stamp of truth, I do not feel as if I can remain in the employ of such sharpers any longer than it will take me to get another job."

Whereupon Sid told the captain how Page & Bacon, believing him to be dead, had conspired to swindle his daughter Jessie out of the value of the securities which he had deposited in their keeping before he went to sea in the Wanderer, eight years before.

"The rascals!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "And I believed them to be honest men. They shall render me an accounting at once. Not an hour longer than I can help shall they retain possession of my \$136,000 worth of property."

Sid judged there would be a scene when the captain demanded his collateral, so he thought it would be advisable for him to ask Mr. Page for the cash equivalent of the ten Alpha & Omega bonds, worth \$1,100, which Captain Gale had requested the broker to give him.

Therefore, soon after Mr. Page arrived at the office next morning, Sid went to see him and asked him for his check for the amount involved.

"Certainly, Sidney," replied Mr. Page, in his oily manner, "you shall have the check. I will make it out at once," and he did so. "I hope you will put this money to good advantage—that is, deposit it in a savings bank and let it accumulate interest. It is a lot of money for so young a man as yourself to have."

"Ho!" thought Sid, "I wonder what he'd say if he knew I made nearly \$1,000 the other day in that rise of C. & D., and

that, with this check I am worth more than \$2,600. Perhaps he and Mr. Bacon would offer to take me into partnership."

Sid got his check cashed at the bank, where he was well known, when he went to lunch.

"Now I'm going to buy 400 shares of M. C. at 60. I discovered the other day that a combination had been formed to boom it, and it's gone up 5 points since then, which is evidence there's something doing in that road."

So, when he finished his lunch, he went to his bank, drew out \$1,300, and adding that to the \$1,100, walked into the office of the broker through whom he had worked his C. & D. deal, and put it up as margin on the 400 shares of M. C.

That afternoon Captain Gale walked into Page & Bacon's and surprised the firm by requesting immediate possession of his Alpha & Omega securities.

They endeavored to talk him out of his purpose, but the captain was firm.

He insisted on having his property, in default of which he threatened exposure of their methods in connection with Mr. Sharpley to defraud his daughter out of what was rightfully hers had he really been dead, as he was supposed to be.

"We deny the charge you bring against us, Captain Gale," cried Mr. Page, in a passion.

"Yes, sir, we deny it!" said Mr. Bacon, also in a rage. "You can prove nothing."

"Don't be too confident of that," replied the shipmaster. "I received word from the Jersey police before I came here that Mr. Sharpley has been arrested. He may find it to his interest to make an unreserved confession of his business dealings with you. If this should appear in the newspapers I'm afraid it would not redound to your advantage, gentlemen."

Page & Bacon were cornered, and they knew it.

"I hope, Captain Gale, you will give us time to make good the amount due you. We have suffered from several adverse business deals of late, and were compelled to use your collateral to save us from going to the wall. If you push us now we shall be forced to make an assignment."

"Well, gentlemen," said the captain, "I will give you a chance. I am not looking for retaliation for your conduct; I simply desire my rights. As I am not familiar enough with financial matters to enter into an arrangement with you myself, I will put the matter into the hands of a respectable lawyer and let him fix up a settlement on a satisfactory basis."

To this ultimatum Page & Bacon were compelled to agree, and a few days later an arrangement was effected by which the brokers paid Captain Gale \$50,000 in cash and gave endorsed notes for the balance, payable in three, six and nine months from date.

Captain Gale's first act after he received the money was to give his check to Sidney Graham for \$10,000.

Sid strongly objected, but the doughty shipmaster, having made up his mind that the boy was to have the money, would not take nay for an answer.

As Jessie added her persuasion in the matter, Sid found he had to surrender or offend the old sea captain so he accepted the check.

Things seem to be coming my way with a rush," he said to his mother and sister that evening at the supper-table, showing them the check. "It's only a few days ago that the captain gave me ten of his bonds, which Mr. Page took off my hands for \$1,100, while the day before that I cleaned up \$975 in a stock deal. Now I've got another deal on, this time in M. C. I bought 400 at 60 on a ten per cent. margin, and to-day the stock is selling at 72, with every prospect of further rise. So far I am nearly \$5,000 ahead. How is that for yours truly? Not so bad, is it?"

"You are a fortunate boy," replied his mother, with a smile.

"I guess I was born under a lucky star."

"Isn't it nice to be rich?" remarked his youngest sister, laughingly. "I suppose among other things that you will buy an automobile and take us out riding."

"No autos for me, sis, just at present. I can use my boodle to better advantage. If you're dying for a ride, why," with a chuckle, "I'll stake you to a couple of nickels. You can take an electric car to Fort George and back. Nothing mean about me, is there?"

"The idea!" she cried, tossing her head.

CHAPTER XIII.

JESSIE A MUSICAL WONDER.

On the following Sunday, Captain Edward Gale and his daughter Jessie were invited to dinner at the Graham home.

Jessie Gale captivated Sid's mother and sisters quite as much as she had impressed the young man himself.

The girls declared she was just too sweet for anything. Sid made one or two mild kicks because he thought they monopolized too much of Jessie's society.

However, the matter was squared by Sid sitting next to her during the meal, and he waited on her as if she was a little queen, receiving many sly digs from his sisters as to his lack of appetite, and so forth.

Of course, Captain Gale had a great deal to say about the boy who had twice saved his life, and declared he was the finest lad he had ever met.

"You must be proud of such a son, Mrs. Graham," he said, beaming on Sid's sweet-faced mother.

And Mrs. Graham asked how could she be otherwise.

"And you, Captain Gale, you must be equally as proud of your lovely daughter," she added, with a smile.

"Proud of her, ma'am!" he exclaimed, with an affectionate glance at Jessie, who sat on his left. "There aren't enough words in the English language to express my feelings. Just think, I've been away from her eight years. Eight long years, six of which I passed in solitary exile, as it were, on an uncharted island in the Indian Ocean. And all that time I was presumed to be dead—to have gone to the bottom with my ship, which had been struck by a simoon. Jessie never expected to see me again. Mrs. Graham, you haven't the faintest idea what the dear child suffered at the hands of a scoundrel whose duty it was to protect and bring her up as her station in life entitled her to."

"It was very sad," admitted Sid's mother. "But now let us hope her trials are all over. Are you going to take her with you on your next voyage?"

"Such at present is my intention, Mrs. Graham. I don't think I could bear to leave her behind me."

A very pleasant evening was spent under the Graham roof-tree on this delightful occasion.

The Graham girls played the piano and sang a duet together, and then Jessie, after some persuasion, was induced to take her seat at the instrument.

She had been instructed by an expert, whom drink had brought down in the world.

This man picked up a living among the dives of Jersey City as a free-and-easy pianist.

He was a wonder in his way, and could make the piano talk.

Cutcliff had given him free lodging and all he could drink in exchange for piano lessons for Jessie, and as the girl possessed a musical nature she soon made rapid progress under his tutorship.

He also trained her voice in a small way, as Cutcliff wanted her to amuse his rough-and-ready patrons with the topical songs of the day.

Jessie sang several of the popular vaudeville gems and played a number of her tutor's striking selections, imparting to them the same brilliancy of touch that distinguished her instructor.

Her father, who had had no idea of her proficiency in this direction, sat in his chair like one entranced, watching her swiftly moving fingers as they flashed with wonderful dexterity and grace over the ivory keys, and hanging spellbound upon the notes which flowed from her lips—now sweet and tender, anon lively and sparkling, like bubbling champagne.

In fact, her execution astonished the entire Graham family, while her singing captivated them.

The day that the ship Fleetwing was docked at a South street wharf, preparatory to unloading her cargo of East Indian products, Sid Graham sold his 400 shares of M. C. at a profit of \$28 per share, or \$11,000 in all.

He now had \$23,600 to his credit in bank.

When he showed Edna Jackson his check the day he received it by mail from his broker, she nearly fell off her chair.

"I've read in story-books about boys making a lot of money in this scheme and that," she said, "but I never dreamed I should run across a real live boy who could do the same thing. It seems to me, Sidney Graham, no matter what you take hold of you're bound to win."

"Sure thing. That's what I'm in business for."

"I don't think there's another boy like you in New York," she said, admiringly.

"That's a compliment, for a fact. Will you permit me to blow you off to a real Delmonico lunch this time?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she answered, hastily. "Wouldn't I look a sight marching into that tony establishment with my working garments on. If you're so very anxious to spend some of your wealth on me," she laughed, roguishly, "we'll go where we went before."

"All right, Edna. You're the doctor."

"Do you know, Sid, I'm just dying to see your new friend Jessie Gale."

"Is that a fact?" he asked, with a grin.

"Yes. Your mother and the girls say she's the dearest thing on earth."

"If she isn't, I don't know where you'll find one."

"Oh, my; you say that so earnestly that I'm afraid it's a case of spoons with you in that direction."

"Oh, I don't know," replied Sid, flushing to his temples. "A fellow can admire a girl without being stuck on her, can't he?"

"After what you have done for both her and her father, I shouldn't be surprised if Jessie and you made a match of it."

"I wouldn't run away with that idea in your head. You might be disappointed."

"Wouldn't that be dreadful!" she laughed, tantalizingly.

"Not half as dreadful as if you should happen to marry that dude, Chester Hay, who's calling on you pretty regularly, I understand."

"The idea!" gasped Edna, with a rosy blush. "What's the matter with Mr. Hay? His mother says he's the flower of the family."

"I guess that's right," grinned Sid. "I've heard several people call him a blooming idiot."

"Sidney Graham, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" cried the girl, with a trace of indignation in her voice.

"Well, I'll tell you something about that bracelet he presented you with. He got it of a Maiden Lane jeweler."

"How do you know where he bought it?" she asked, with a toss of the head.

"I was in the store buying something for mother and the girls when he came in. He asked to see some bracelets, selected the one I've seen you wear at our house, and then said to the salesman: 'Are you sure it's made of refined gold? Because, don'tcherknow, I detest anything that isn't refined.'"

"Sid Graham, I won't speak to you for a whole week, so there!"

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, confidently. "Aren't you going to lunch with me in five minutes?"

"Well, you oughtn't to talk that way about Mr. Hay," with a pout.

"What shall I say about him to please you? That he's the most immaculate of all the clerks in Wall Street?"

"That's better."

"He's the best-dressed employee in the financial district, I guess. I heard a broker say he was so immaculate that he didn't believe there was anything on his mind, even."

Edna grabbed her ruler, but Sid fled to the reception-room to wait till she had put on her hat and coat.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

On the first of the month Sid Graham left the employ of Page & Bacon.

He gave them a week's notice of his intention, and Mr. Page expressed regret at losing his valuable services.

Edna Jackson was very sorry to see him go.

It had been his original intention to get another position, but his success in working the stock market, and possession of a capital of \$23,000 odd, decided him to set up in business for himself.

He knew he couldn't expect to get more than \$10 a week working for somebody else, and he believed he could do better than that hustling for himself.

He might be young, but he had a bright head on his shoulders.

He was well acquainted with the ins and outs of Wall Street, and with the methods of the brokers who did business on the Stock Exchange, so he felt confident he could hoe his own row without anybody's help.

"A fellow doesn't get rich these strenuous times renting his gray matter out for small wages," he said to himself. I've made \$12,000 of my capital since the Fourth of July by using my brains. That ought to be some evidence that I have ability. At any rate, I'm going to branch out on my own hook and see what I can do. I don't expect to do any business to speak of for some little time, but I'm going to let people around this neighborhood know I'm alive. I'm young and can afford to wait. When a boy like me sets out with the determination to succeed, he's bound to win in the end."

So Sid hired a small office up on the tenth floor of a Broad

street building, and hung out his shingle—that is, he had his name and calling lettered on the ground-glass front of his office door as follows:

SIDNEY GRAHAM,
Stocks and Bonds.

He regarded it with complacency, and no longer looked upon himself as a boy.

He furnished his office with a neat rug, a roll-top desk, three chairs, and hung a map of the financial district and several steel engravings on the walls.

Then he had a small safe put in to make it look more business-like, though he really had nothing to put in it.

The next thing he did was to subscribe for a couple of Wall Street papers—one a daily—and to purchase a number of books and pamphlets he needed in his business.

After that he went to a stationer and printer in the same block, purchased the necessary stationery and books, and gave an order for cards, memorandums and letter-heads to be printed with his name, business and address upon them.

"That's off my mind. Now I'll go down and pay a visit to the Fleetwing."

Whether he was particularly anxious to see Captain Gale or not we cannot say, but the fact that he was sure to meet Jessie Gale aboard probably had a bearing on the case.

The captain and his daughter, with the chief mate, were just sitting down to dinner when he arrived on deck, and, of course, a place was at once made for him at the table.

"I'm mighty glad you turned up, Sid. We were just talking about you."

"Well, you see, I had nothing particular to do this afternoon, so I thought I'd come down and see you."

"That's right," said the captain. "You're as welcome as the flowers in May."

"Thanks. I've just hired and furnished an office on Broad street and gone into business for myself," said Sid, after the soup-plates had been removed and a joint of roast mutton had been brought in by the steward.

The master of the ship and his daughter looked up in surprise.

"Have you actually done that?" asked Captain Gale.

"Yes, sir. I've done so well working side issues during the last six months that I've concluded I'd only be wasting my time devoting my energies to the benefit of other people at a comparatively insignificant wage. If there's anything in me I want to reap the full benefit myself. That's the only way to get ahead in life."

"I think you're right, Sid. At any rate, I'm willing to believe, from what I've seen of you, that you're fully capable of making your own way in the world. You'll be a rich man some day."

"I hope so, sir. Riches are not everything in this life, I know, but it's a very comfortable reflection to feel that one is well off. It takes off the rough edge, don't you know?"

"Well, I hope you'll let me be your first customer," said the captain, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I should be glad to have you," replied the boy, in some surprise. "Are you really thinking of taking a shy at the market?"

"Oh, no; but I dare say you can be of great assistance to me in placing the \$50,000 I have recovered from Page & Bacon, as well as the balance of the money due me when it shall have been collected by my lawyer."

"Yes, sir, I think I can. It would give me a great deal of pleasure to help you in any way I can."

"I'm sure of that, my dear boy. You are fairly well acquainted with the best securities dealt in in Wall Street, I dare say."

"I am. Page & Bacon do a considerable business in that line, and I was with them nearly two years."

"Well, I want you to submit to me a list of gilt-edged bonds, other than Governments, which, in your opinion, would offer a good investment for my money. I have \$50,000 to start you off with, and I shall instruct my lawyer to pay over to you the money as he collects it from Page & Bacon, and which I shall look to you to invest for me according to your best judgment. As I shall probably be away on my next voyage at least eighteen months, you will have to collect the interest as it becomes due and payable and deposit it in a safe bank to my credit."

"You show a good deal of confidence in me, Captain Gale," said Sid, almost overpowered by this evidence of the captain's regard for him.

"My dear boy, I haven't the slightest hesitation in trusting you with the care of every dollar I possess in the world. I know you are honest as the day is long. My property will be just as safe in your keeping as if locked up in a safe on board this ship."

"I thank you, Captain Gale, for this expression of your good opinion of me," replied Sid, gratefully. "You may be sure I will lose my life before I would do anything to forfeit your confidence."

After dinner Sid sat on the quarter-deck with Jessie until the afternoon sun sank out of sight and the shadows began to render distant objects indistinct.

They seemed to be very happy and contented in each other's society.

"So you are really going to sea with your father on his next voyage, are you, Jessie?" he asked, earnestly.

"Yes," she answered softly, looking down at the deck.

"Of course, you are glad?"

"Yes," she answered, again.

"I hope you will think of me sometimes while you are away, Jessie," he said, taking her fingers in his.

She made no reply, but her face flushed, and the tears started into her eyes.

"You don't answer. Am I expecting too much of you, Jessie?"

As she still remained silent, Sid looked into her sweet face and saw that her lips were quivering.

He could feel her hand tremble in his.

"I shall miss you very much," he said, gently.

His arm stole about her waist.

"I have learned to care a great deal for you, from the very moment I saw you spring into your father's arms in the bar-room of the 'Seaman's Rest.' I knew you were a good girl, and I felt ready to go through fire and water, if need be, for your sake as well as for your father's."

"Oh, Sid!"

And as her head drooped Sid Graham drew her lithe form unresistingly to him, and then, how he came to muster up courage to do it he never knew, he lifted her face to his and—kissed her.

"Do you really care for me a little bit, Jessie?" he asked, as his breath fanned her golden ringlets.

"You know I do, Sid."

"And you promise not to forget me when you are hundreds of miles away?"

She buried her face on his shoulder.

He accepted that as a favorable answer.

"And some day when we are both a little older you are going to be my little wife, aren't you?"

There was a pause.

He lifted her head and looked down into her beautiful eyes.

"Am I asking too much?"

"No, Sid. I promise. I love you with all my heart."

Was he satisfied? Well, say!

CHAPTER XV.

SID GETS IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR.

Sid's first callers at his Broad street office were his mother and sisters, whose curiosity could not be satisfied until they had come downtown to see his sheep-shearing den, as he called it.

"What a delightfully cosy little place you have!" exclaimed Maud Graham.

"It is just too nice for anything," agreed her sister Millie.

"You are quite a man of business, aren't you?" went on Maud. "It's a pity you haven't a mustache, Sid. You do look so young for a real broker."

"Oh, come now, Maud, you can't expect a fellow to have everything all at once," protested Sid.

"I'm glad you have three chairs, at any rate," laughed Millie, "or one of us would have been obliged to roost on your safe."

"No reflections, please," chuckled her brother.

"Certainly not. I leave that to the looking-glass."

"How bright we are all at once!"

"Just like the morning, why don't you say while you're about it?"

"I'm afraid you're taking the shine out of me, as the sun said to the moon during a total eclipse."

"Oh, my, how smart!"

Just then there was a knock on the door.

Sid walked over and opened it.

Captain Gale and Jessie walked in.

"You've got a full house," laughed the captain, after he and his daughter had shaken hands all around and expressed the pleasure they felt in meeting Mrs. Graham and the girls once more.

"Yes. I don't think I could squeeze many more in here," grinned Sid.

Maud perched herself on the window-sill and Millie climbed onto the safe so the captain and Jessie could sit down.

"We came down to see my son's office," exclaimed Mrs. Graham, with a smile.

"He's got a very nice one," said Captain Gale, looking around the little room.

"A sort of sky parlor," put in Sid.

"Do you think anybody will come away up here to do business with you?" asked Maud, laughingly.

"I'm not worrying about that just yet."

"Well, I've come up here to do a little business with him, so it is possible others will as soon as he becomes known," said the captain.

"Well, if you've come to talk business," said Maud, "I guess we'll take our leave."

"Don't be in a hurry, sis," interposed her brother.

"Oh, we've seen all there is to be seen. Now we can rest easy."

"Won't you come up and spend the day with us, Jessie?" asked Mrs. Graham. "Sid will take you home this evening."

Jessie looked at her father.

"Go right along, Jessie, if you want to."

"Now, Captain Gale, you'll let her stay all night with us, won't you?" asked Maud, coaxingly. "Sid will escort her back to your ship in the morning when he comes down to business."

"Won't you come to dinner yourself, Captain Gale?" said Mrs. Graham.

The captain, however, declared he would like to accept the invitation, but he had business aboard the Fleetwing which prevented him availing himself of the pleasure.

He had no objection, however, to his daughter staying with the Grahams overnight.

Mrs. Graham and the girls stayed a little while longer; then they took their departure, carrying Jessie with them.

As soon as Sid and the captain were alone together, the boy produced a list of first-class securities, and they went over them carefully, Sid explaining the advantages of each in turn.

Captain Gale picked out a first, second and third choice, drew his check for \$50,000 to the boy's order, and told him to make the purchases.

Sid suggested that the captain rent a box in a safe deposit vault, where all his securities could be locked up.

"You can arrange with the officers to have me recognized as your representative, with authority to have access to your box while you're away, so that I can cut off the coupons and collect the interest."

That was perfectly satisfactory to the master of the Fleetwing, and the plan was immediately carried out.

Sid had his lunch about two o'clock and then went directly to his office, where he busied himself with stock market reports and financial news in a Wall Street newspaper.

At four o'clock he shut up his desk, put on his hat and overcoat and left his office for the day.

While he was waiting for the elevator two gentlemen, one of whom he recognized as a well-known broker, came up and stopped near him.

Sid, however, happened to be standing in the shadow of a big marble column which ran up to the ceiling between two of the elevators, and his presence was apparently unnoticed by the newcomers.

They were talking very earnestly as they came up, and Sid heard the broker say:

"I tell you, Edward, you can't make any mistake if you put all you can beg, borrow or steal into C. & O. right away. The stock is certain to boom before Saturday, because what I've just told you about the long-contemplated merger will be public property by this time to-morrow, and just as soon as the news is confirmed there'll be a rush for the stock. It will be a case where everybody will suddenly discover they want to get in on the ground floor, or as near that as possible, and you know what that will mean. The stock is selling now at the lowest figure in years. The people on the inside have already started their brokers to pick up all in sight. If you are going to take advantage of this pointer I'm giving you, why, you've no time to lose."

Just then the elevator came rushing down and stopped at the floor.

The two gentlemen immediately boarded it, but Sid never stirred.

The iron door slammed and the cage went on down.

Sid then returned to his office and sat down to think the matter out.

He had heard every word the broker said, and the value of the pointer impressed him considerably.

Taking up the latest edition of the Daily Wall Street News he saw that C. & O. was quoted at 63, which was an exceptionally low price for the stock.

"By George! I believe I have stumbled on to the chance of my life—at any rate, I am satisfied I have caught on to a good thing. I should be a fool to let such luck get by me. I can easily put up a ten per cent. margin on 3,500 shares. Well, if the stock is to be got I'm going to get it. If it only goes up 3 points I shall be in line to clear \$1,000. That would pay all my office expenses for a year. You can bet your life I'm in on this deal for all it's worth."

And he was, for next morning he went to the bank where his money was on deposit and arranged with the gentleman whose business it was to make purchases of stock through the bank's brokers for customers of the bank, to buy for him 3,500 shares of C. & O. at 63.

The required amount was secured in small lots before noon, and the bank notified to that effect, which in turn duly informed Sid that his order had been carried out, and that the stock would be held subject to his instructions.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW, IN THE END, PLUCK AND AMBITION IS BOUND TO WIN.

Sid had once more acquired a personal interest in the market, and he watched C. & O. with a feverish interest.

He also scanned the papers closely for some official intelligence as to the completion of the long-distance merger of a branch railroad to the coal fields which the management of C. & O. had so far failed to bring to a head.

From what he had heard the broker say to his friends he believed the deal had been put through at last, and that the news was being held back as long as possible to enable those on the inside to prepare to reap a golden harvest.

And he was right.

The early editions of the afternoon papers on the day he bought the stock printed the news, and predicted a boom in C. & O. in consequence.

Next morning the stock opened at 64 3-8, and the brokers had buying orders for it by the wholesale.

While Sid was hugging himself over his good luck, a man from the district-attorney's office in Jersey City walked into his office and served him with a subpoena to appear and testify at the trial of Samuel Sharpley, slated for the following Monday.

He immediately put on his hat and coat and started for South street.

On boarding the Fleetwing he found, as he supposed, that Captain Gale and Jessie had been similarly served.

"We'll all go over together," said the captain. "There isn't much doubt that my late wife's half-brother will be convicted of the crime charged against him. He will, in all probability, serve the rest of his natural life in State's prison."

When Sid, accompanied by the captain and his daughter, started for Jersey City on Monday morning, he was feeling in excellent spirits, for C. & O. stock, in which he had such a vital interest, had gone up to 70, an advance of 7 points above what the boy had bought it for.

The trial of Lawyer Sharpley resulted, as was expected, in his conviction, and the judge handed out to him the extreme penalty of the law—twenty years.

Next day he put on a striped suit at the Trenton Penitentiary, and thereafter became dead to the world.

Singular to relate, the evening papers of the same day announced the killing of Benjamin Cutcliff in a low Philadelphia rum-hole, by a companion, with whom he had engaged in a quarrel.

Thus the community was well rid of two conscienceless rascals, whose operations had long kept the police of Jersey City on tenterhooks.

By this time the Fleetwing had discharged all her cargo, and was beginning to load for Calcutta.

As often as he felt he could afford to sneak away from his Broad street office, Sid made a bee-line for the vessel.

He hated to think that he would soon have to part from Jessie Gale, and that he could hardly expect to see her again for the better part of two years.

One day, when C. & O. stock had reached 82, and Sid felt particularly good over the prospects of a still higher rise in the road's securities, he went down to the ship, buttonholed Captain Gale, and, taking the bull by the horns, so to speak, frankly told the shipmaster what his sentiments were toward his daughter, and what Jessie's were toward himself and asked for a verdict.

He got it, and it was as favorable as he could have expected.

The captain said he had no objection to him as a prospective son-in-law; in fact, was rather pleased to regard him in that light.

"It will be eighteen months before you young people will meet again—it may even be as long as two years. Jessie will then be seventeen, and you will have cast your first vote. If you are both still of the same mind, I shall offer no objection to your marriage."

"Thank you, sir. I am perfectly satisfied," and he went off to find Jessie and tell her what her father had said about their future.

It was a sad night for both when the inevitable parting came.

The Fleetwing was anchored in the upper bay near the entrance to the "Narrows," and was to sail at four in the morning for the East Indies.

Sid had come down to Staten Island by ferry and hired a boat to take him out to the ship.

"Good-by, little sweetheart," he said, when the time came for him to take his leave. "Two years isn't so very long, after all, but you may be certain you will be in my thoughts every hour of the time."

"You won't let any other girl take you away from me, will you, Sid? Promise me that, for I love you with all my heart, and I should want to die if I lost you."

Of course he promised to be faithful and true, and a few minutes later he tore himself away and went over the ship's side.

He felt rather broke up over this separation from Jessie, but it was unavoidable, and like the sensible fellow he was he put the best face on the matter.

If there was one thing that helped to take the keen edge off the parting pain it was the knowledge that that day he had sold his C. & O. holdings at a profit of \$40 and a fraction a share, and had reaped a profit of \$140,000.

Altogether he was now worth \$164,000, and could reasonably be regarded as rich.

He set aside the sum of \$5,000 to buy a house out of town for his mother and sisters and, of course, himself to live in. This he proposed to attend to in the spring, and in due time carried out his plans.

By that time he had become pretty well known as a smart young broker, and business gradually began to come his way, especially after he moved to a more commodious office on a lower floor of the Broad street building.

One morning, a year and ten months from the day the Fleetwing sailed out of New York harbor, she was reported in the Herald's maritime intelligence as having just arrived at Quarantine.

Sid at once hired a tug to take him down to her.

He found a very beautiful young lady aboard of her who answered to the name of Jessie Gale, and the meeting of the two sweethearts was a matter of decided interest to themselves.

That Sidney Graham nor Jessie Gale had not changed their minds in relation to each other was demonstrated six weeks later, when a minister of the Gospel joined them together in the bonds of matrimony.

Sid presented his bride with a check for \$100,000, and the title deeds of a beautiful suburban home which had cost him \$15,000.

He had become rich entirely by his own business sagacity, and any boy possessing the pluck and ambition of Sidney Graham is, nine times out of ten, Bound to Win.

Next week's issue will contain "PUSHING IT THROUGH; OR, THE FATE OF A LUCKY BOY."

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

Childish curiosity on the part of Anna Parks, three years old, of Sharon, Pa., was indirectly responsible for the death of her six-months-old sister, Helen Parks. Anna received a doll for Christmas and smashed it to see what was inside. One of the glass eyes rolled on the floor. Picking it up she gave it to the baby, who placed it in her mouth. She swallowed it and it lodged in her throat. The child died of strangulation.

A deaf and dumb girl, who represented herself to be from Danville, Ill., visited Brazil, Ind., recently, soliciting charity. She carried a well-worn document, and several alleged sworn statements of officials of Danville that she was deaf and dumb and worthy of all charity which might be bestowed. She did well until she stepped on a door mat at the office of Dr. Robert Hawkins. The mat was equipped with an electric buzzer. The young lady was so startled by this buzzer that she jumped and shouted "Oh!" Before the police could arrest her she had taken an inter-urban car for towns that have no buzzer under the door mats.

The chicken which Indiana Donelson, colored, No. 606 Fourth avenue South, Nashville, Tenn., purchased for dinner recently was more extraordinary than the "proverbial billygoat," which is said to be able to masticate everything, from a tin can up. When dressing the chicken and on cutting open the gizzard Indiana found a woman's stocking therein. After making this discovery she decided to forego the pleasure of chicken for dinner and had to change her menu. The chicken was purchased by her son-in-law, Stephen Nelson, who was here from Chicago. The chicken appeared to be getting thin and it was thought that the stocking had proved too much for its digestive organs, though there were signs of its beginning to disintegrate.

The pet dog of Mrs. T. B. Loniger, No. 3123 Olive avenue, Sacramento, Cal., qualified for a Carnegie medal when he saved the life of his owner and her mother, after they had been overcome by gas fumes from a stove in which lamp black was being burned. Mrs. Loniger was awakened at 3 o'clock the other morning by the dog jumping on her bed and whining. He then ran into the room where her mother was sleeping. Mrs. Loniger followed and found her mother unconscious on the floor. Mrs. Loniger fell unconscious while trying to revive her mother. The dog then ran to the room of J. Rice, a cousin, and aroused him. Rice fell from the gas fumes in the room where the women lay, but opened all the doors and windows and called a doctor. The women were revived.

Very few persons—even those who are well-informed on most matters—know how much an inch of rain is. The average man or woman probably has an idea that an inch

of rain is a mere trifle on Nature's part. This is entirely wrong. In reality it is a good big rainfall—more than falls in most places in an average week. It is five times more rain than fell in New York City during the forty-six days which ended on October 15 last, but that was the longest dry period in the history of the local weather bureau. A rainfall of one inch means literally that the amount of water descending in a particular shower would cover the surrounding territory to a depth of one inch, providing it did not run away or soak into the ground. An inch of rain coming down on a single acre of land would fill more than 600 barrels of forty-five gallons capacity each. This amount of water would weigh more than 110 tons, or nearly a quarter of a million pounds.

The French army carries the Lebel magazine rifle of .315 caliber, which fires a pointed bullet made of copper and zinc composition and weighing 198 grains. The Lee-Enfield .303 caliber rifle is used by both the cavalry and infantry of the English forces. The bullet weighs 215 grains with a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet per second. The English gun is three feet eight and one-half inches in length, while the French is four feet three and one-eighth inches. The Russian arm is the "three-lined" Nugent, .300 caliber rifle, which is four feet three and seven-eighth inches long. The Belgians are armed with the .301 caliber Mauser rifle. It is four feet two and one-quarter inches long. Germany uses the .311 caliber Mauser rifle, which is four feet and one-quarter inch in length. Austria-Hungary equips its troops with the Mannlicher rifle of .315 caliber. The gun is four feet two inches long. The Russian "three-line" Nugent has an effective range of 2,096 feet.

The opinion is rapidly gaining ground in baseball circles that the twenty-one-player rule in major leagues will never be seriously enforced. This regulation would require an enrollment somewhat along the following lines: Pitchers, 8; catchers, 4; infielders, 5; outfielders, 4. At the beginning of the 1913 season the American League clubs' rosters contained the following number of players: Athletics, 29; Washington, 25; Cleveland, 26; Boston, 25; Chicago, 31; Detroit, 30; New York, 25; St. Louis, 29. The National League list was about the same. A number of the clubs require strengthening before the opening of next season if they are to be drawing cards and money-makers. Almost without exception these clubs have a large percentage of their present squad under contracts which cannot be ignored. How they are to be relieved of those players not wanted and where desirable and seasoned new material is to be secured and carried under the twenty-one-player rule is something that is keeping managers and magnates awake these nights.

THE GALLANT TROOPER

— OR —

FIGHTING FOR UNCLE SAM

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XXIII (continued)

Vivian could look at the glorious sunlight now without shuddering, without thinking it was for the last time, and Captain Noble was even happier over the fact that his good name had been cleared than the boy was himself.

"Pomp, you black rascal, why didn't you come to the rescue before?" Gen. Scarlett in his own quarters asked sternly an hour later, although his eyes had a twinkle in them. "Do you know, sir, that you came very near being too late? Vivian Merle's life would have been sacrificed had you delayed another moment. What were you doing? At my brandy again?"

"No, sah, doan' you remembah, sah, dat you shut de ole man up in de little guardhouse?" Pomp replied with a grin that showed every tooth in his head. "You guv him de wust lickin' dat he evah had in all his life. Golly, Massa Scarlett, but dat ere strap am got buckles all ober it. I 'clare dat I can't sit down fur a week ter come."

"And the next time that I catch you drunk again I won't leave a whole bone in your black carcass," the general roared at him. "Now get out and see if you can do something besides getting drunk. Mind, I am in earnest this time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sah, I understands, sah, and I'll remembah it, 'deed and 'deed I will, Massa Scarlett," Pomp answered with a low bow. "And you won't catch de ole man drunk agin, sah. 'Cause he's gwine ter lay low whar you can't see him," he added in sotto voce, as he left the room.

"The black imp! I felt like taking him by the hand for saving the boy's life," the grim old general muttered with a smile. "I never felt so badly about anything in my entire career as a soldier. And those two villains were at the bottom of it all."

Diana was surprised when a message came from General Scarlett, that he wished to see her at once. She obeyed, trembling with dread.

"Can it be that he suspects me of being a girl?" she asked herself.

Such an idea, however, never entered the general's mind, and Diana felt very much relieved the moment she entered and saw his face. But the door had hardly closed behind her, when there came another tap on the panels, and in response to General Scarlett's impatient "come in," to Diana's great distress, who should enter but Clarence Kendal!

In speechless amazement, General Scarlett stared from one to the other, and Clarence Kendal looked at his double, wondering what it meant, for he did not recognize Diana.

"The deuce!" burst from the general's lips; "what does this mean?"

"It means, General Scarlett, that I have outgrown my cowardice, and have come to join the regiment. I have shown the white feather long enough," Clarence Kendal answered quietly.

"Who are you?" Gen. Scarlett asked, more astonished than ever.

"I am Clarence Kendal," was the reply.

"That cannot be true, for this is Clarence Kendal," pointing to Diana.

"It—it is true," came very faintly from poor Diana's lips. "He is Clarence Kendal."

"And who the devil are you then?" the gruff old general roared. "You young villain, what do you mean by stealing another man's name, and passing yourself off on the regiment as Clarence Kendal? By heavens, sir, I have a good mind to have you stripped and flogged within an inch of your life!"

This terrible threat terrified Diana so that she forgot the part she had been playing for so long. She forgot that she was a soldier, and she burst into tears. Sobbing bitterly, a very unusual thing for a young gentleman who, on more than one occasion, had proved himself a hero, she thrust her hand within her bosom to get her handkerchief, and as she drew it forth, a small, bright object fell to the floor, and Gen. Scarlett saw it. A second glance, and with a low cry he bent down and picked it up. It was a tiny heart-shaped locket of gold, with the letter A in small rubies, set on the outside. In the center was a diamond.

"Where—where did you get this?" he asked hoarsely, looking at Diana, the locket clutched tightly in his trembling hand.

"I have had it all my life," she answered, and then a slight cry of surprise burst from the real Clarence Kendal.

"Why, I have one exactly like it," pulling it out of his pocket as he spoke. "That is strange."

"Let me see it."

The words coming from General Scarlett's lips were so low, so husky that they could hardly be heard, and he opened the locket Clarence gave him first.

Both he and Diana moved closer to the general in order to see what it contained that could affect him so, and they soon knew. It was a likeness of himself, taken perhaps twenty years before.

"Why, Gen. Scarlett, that is your picture when you were younger!" exclaimed Clarence.

Gen. Scarlett made no reply save to open the locket Diana had dropped.

Inside was the picture of a young and beautiful woman, who bore a striking likeness to Diana.

"That must be my mother's picture," she said, softly, forgetting her recent terror, "though Madam Le Grand never told me. In fact, she never knew. I do not know who my parents were."

"I know who your parents were," and Gen. Scarlett's voice was husky with emotion. "Fate has ordained that I should meet my children again after eighteen long years. The children who were stolen from me by an enemy when they were infants. At least, I know that one of them is here. Which one, I cannot say, however, for my babes were twins—a boy and a girl—while both of you are boys. There is some mystery about it I am not able to understand."

"There is no mystery, Gen. Scarlett," Diana answered, her cheeks burning, "for I—I am a girl."

"The devil!" and the general stared at her in amazement, then he broke into a hearty laugh, as the truth flashed through his brain. "Well, you are the best soldier I ever met. And that sly dog Noble was in the scheme, too! Well, I ought to get down on my knees to him for his deceit, heaven bless him!"

We will pass over that happy meeting between father and long lost children, and as the bluff old man folded his daughter to his heart, his tears falling upon her face, she said softly:

"So I was fighting for my own dear father and brother, as well as Uncle Sam," and with a sigh of content, "I belong to some one at last. I am not nameless."

"No, my dear child, you are Alice Scarlett, and your brother Arthur may well be proud of his sister," the general replied, "for you are the pluckiest girl upon earth!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

"WE BOW OUR HEADS IN REVERENCE BEFORE CUSTER, OUR SLAIN HERO."

Sunshine and happiness cannot always rule the world. The dreary rain must fall, and sorrow, the chief inheritance of the human heart, must be meted out to each one as fate wills it. Sometimes it is with a lavish hand, again but sparingly.

To Charlie Root and Manuel de Garcia it seemed that they had more than their share of the unwelcome offering, but it was only what they richly deserved.

At sunrise the next morning, with uniforms stripped of every button and their heads closely shorn, the pair were marched slowly around a hollow circle formed of soldiers, who presented the points of their bayonets to them. Close behind them followed the drum corps, and the muffled sound of "The Rogue's March" filled the air with doleful sounds. If Vivian Merle had wished for revenge, he must have been well satisfied. Instead, however, he was sorry for the wretched pair of sinners, and if he had his own way, he would have given them their liberty, with the good old true bidding that, coming from lips divine, should be spoken oftener than it is: "Go, thou, in peace, and sin no more."

"I would far rather have a hundred bullets sent into my body than be forced to endure such bitter humiliation," Vivian said to Captain Noble when it was all over with, and the sun had kissed the dew from leaf and shrub.

"It is a coward's punishment, my boy, and no true soldier ever meets with such a punishment," the captain replied. "It is only what they deserve, and but for old Pomp, heaven bless him, you would have been shot as a traitor."

Vivian could not answer, for a great lump swelled in his throat, and he turned away his head.

It is safe to add that General Scarlett was the happiest man in all the world that day. And later, when he found Vivian Merle and his daughter, in a secluded corner of the garrison, engaged in earnest conversation, the young lady's head suspiciously near the gallant trooper's manly shoulder, he drew his saber, saying fiercely:

"Look here, young sir, if you go on stirring up a mutiny against your commanding officer, I'll throw you both into the guardhouse and keep you there for a week on bread and water. Remember, sir, that I command this division—of two—for the next three years. I believe that was the agreement we reached a couple of hours ago, was it not? After that, if you choose to enlist under petticoat government, as you said this morning, and allow that young damsel to command you through life, I have nothing more to do with it. But for three years you must obey me."

"Couldn't you cut it down to two years, or even a year and a half, sir?" Vivian asked, as the general paused. "Because you see——"

"Tut, tut, young man, you do not live up to your agreement. There's to be no shirking duty, you know. Three years you have got to serve, and then I'll give you an honorable discharge to go and make a fool of yourself," with a chuckle as he marched out of the room.

Ah, these were happy, never to-be-forgotten days at the garrison to both Vivian and Alice as we must now call her. In spite of the danger that surrounded them, they were wildly, blissfully happy.

And then like a thunderbolt came the news, brought in by one wounded, bleeding messenger, the sole survivor, that the gallant Custer and his noble band were surrounded by Indians among the desolate hills and were being murdered. And how quickly the troopers responded. The wounded man was taken in and tenderly cared for, and in a few moments the soldiers were galloping furiously in the direction where the brave hero was fighting for his life. Vivian Merle was among the foremost riders, and between him and Captain Noble rode the girl who would not remain at the garrison. She was the true daughter of a brave soldier and her blood was fired at the thought of Custer being in danger. She flatly refused to obey her father's orders to remain at the garrison, and before he had any idea of her intentions, she was in the uniform and mounted on her way to the battle-field. The old general frowned at her, but secretly he was delighted.

"By gad, sir, she ought to have been a boy," he said to Captain Noble. "She would have made the greatest general the world has ever seen."

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

21 BATTLESHIPS TO PARADE.

According to tentative plans of the Navy Department a fleet of twenty-one battleships, twenty-three torpedo boat old battleship Oregon and Dewey's flagship at Manila, the destroyers and thirteen auxiliary vessels, in addition to the Olympia, will participate in the celebration next March of the opening of the Panama Canal.

It is not yet known whether the review will take place in Gatun Lake, halfway through the canal, or in the harbor of Panama on the Pacific side. It will take several days to get the assembled vessels locked through the canal, so that the original idea of a parade to be reviewed as it passed through the canal has been given up.

Secretary Daniels wants to abandon the proposed naval review at Hampton Roads because there will be practically no foreign representation owing to the war. Senator Swanson, of Virginia, however, has served notice on the Secretary that the law provides for the review at Hampton Roads, which is near Norfolk, Va., and that he doubts if Congress will consent to such change. Mr. Daniels would have the fleet spend the time thus saved in further exercises at Guantanamo and proceed directly thence to Panama.

TO RAISE MUSKRATS AND MINKS IN WISCONSIN.

J. E. Reeves & Co. have started what promises to be one of the first muskrat and mink farms in Fond du Lac County, Wis. The plot selected is a tract of marsh land of thirteen acres in size and is situated between Fond du Lac and North Fond du Lac on the east side of the street car line and north of the Princeton tracks.

Three workmen are now busily engaged in constructing a fence that will reach to the bottom of the marsh and is for the purpose of keeping the rats within the bounds. According to a statement issued by J. E. Reeves it is the plan of the company to build a house next spring on the "farm" for the keeper. At present there are 150 rat houses on the place inclosed.

The present plans of the company are not to disturb any of the rats until the "farm" has been established about one and a half to two years.

Mr. Reeves also stated that he had allowed trappers to trap rats on the marsh for the past fifteen years and had not demanded an indemnity. At present several signs bearing the inscription "no trespassing" have been placed at various conspicuous places.

FAMOUS WAR HORSES.

No man has a greater regard and love for his horse than Lord Kitchener, and when his equestrian statue was being erected in Calcutta, he told the sculptor that it was not necessary for him to worry so much about the likeness of himself as to be quite sure that he did full justice to Democrat, his favorite charger.

At the Royal United Service Institute are to be seen the remains of Napoleon's famous white stallion, Marengo.

Copenhagen, it might be mentioned, was the grandson of the mighty Eclipse, and Wellington paid \$2,000 for him. His powers of endurance were marvelous. "I rode him," said Wellington, "at the Battle of Waterloo from 4 in the morning until midnight. If he fed, it was in the standing corn, and as I sat in the saddle."

Another of Napoleon's war steeds was Jaffa, buried at Glastonbury; while the last horse used by the Little Corsican was purchased at St. Helena. He was a small bay called King George, but was afterward named by the Emperor Scheik. Lord Cardigan's Ronald, which he rode in the Balaklava charge, is one of the most famous horses in history; while the most famous horse in the American Civil War was General Robert E. Lee's charger, Traveler, which died in 1872, the skeleton of which is still to be seen at Lexington, Va.

THE DEFIANCE SOLD AS JUNK.

Defiance, the yacht built by the tri-city syndicate as an America Cup defender, has seen the end of her fitful career. Her surviving owner, Commodore E. W. Clark, of the Philadelphia Corinthian Yacht Club, has disposed of her as junk, and she will be broken up mainly for the seventy tons of lead in her keel and the steel ribs in her frame. Parts of her top hamper, her spars, and some fittings, will be turned over to men who are now rebuilding Mr. Clark's Istalena. The rest of her will go to the junkmen who bought what was left of the erratic single-sticker which cost her builders about \$65,000 when she was built at the Bath Iron Works.

A syndicate of New York, Philadelphia and Boston sportsmen built Defiance, hoping she might be good enough to meet Shamrock in the race which was to have been sailed in New York Harbor last fall, but which was declared off on the breaking out of the European war. Defiance was a failure from the beginning, as her sail spread was so great that the frail body, even with its load of lead, could not stand the strain. Twice her sail area was reduced and her mast cut down or resteepped, but she was too cranky to suit, even with these changes.

After her failure was announced during the trial races, Commodore Clark bought out all the other interests in her, deciding to rebuild or change her rigging so that she could be utilized by him. This was found impracticable, and now the would-be racer has gone to the junk heap.

At the end of her racing career it was stated that the sloop had cost the syndicate nearly \$100,000 before it was decided that she was unfit to compete with her rivals as a defender of the cup. Considering the sum spent on refitting her with new sails, the cost of the crew engaged to sail her, and the tender's expenses, with other incidentals, this is probably an underestimate. Report has it that as junk she fetched her owner about \$6,500.

Two Yankee Boys in Cuba

— OR —

FIGHTING WITH THE PATRIOTS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER V (continued)

"We have come in the wrong direction!" said Mario, in tones of despair. "Now, they must be out of reach."

The two boys agreed with him.

While they were discussing the matter, a large troop of Spanish soldiers, whom Durango had summoned, came galloping out of the city.

"Away!" cried Dick. "We can't cope with that crowd."

"Sure Durango, the blackguard, has got reinforcements."

"We must follow the same road back," said Mario.

The three galloped away as fast as possible.

Ahead was a woods through which the road ran.

Several Spanish soldiers were in the bushes among the trees, and had seen what was transpiring.

Hoping to capture the three boys, they tied their tent ropes from tree to tree across the road near the ground.

There were several of these lines, and as neither the boys nor horses saw them, the animals soon reached them.

The ropes tripped the horses.

Down they fell, throwing their riders, and the soldiers in the bushes discharged a volley of rifle shots at the boys.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

Fortunately Dick and his companions escaped with but few bruises from their falls.

They were greatly startled, and at once realized the cause of their horses tripping and falling.

A hail of bullets whistled around them, and both Ned and Mario were slightly wounded.

"Fly at once, or we shall perish!" gasped the Cuban boy.

"Faith, we have no horses now," growled Ned.

"Give those treacherous hounds a shot first," Dick said.

Bang, bang, bang! roared their pistols.

The yells of pain that came from the bushes told them that the Spaniards were hit.

Away they ran the next moment at full speed.

They were safely hidden in the dense shrubbery and got down into the hollow of a narrow stream.

Bending over so that the embankment hid them they

sped along deeper into the woods, expecting every moment to hear their enemies firing after them.

It is true that several shots were discharged, but the bullets were not aimed at them, as they were not seen.

The stream course carried them down to the valley, and there they hid among rocks all night and half the next day.

It was dangerous to venture out of their covert, as the Spaniards were scouring the neighborhood in quest of them.

"We can't remain here forever," said Dick, restlessly, as the shadows of twilight fell, and no chance of escape appeared.

"Should we show ourselves, senors," replied Mario, in low, sad tones, "they will see and kill us!"

Since his father's death he had sadly changed.

He seldom smiled, a gloomy look had settled upon his dark face, and a sad light shone in his dark eyes.

Dick and Ned pitied him profoundly.

"If we could get down this hill through that canyon," said Ned, "we might be after escaping all right."

"Wait until it gets dark," advised Mario, anxiously. "I saw some of the cavalry riding by down in the valley awhile go."

Dick was wild to get away, for he wanted to do something to rescue Fanita from the power of her enemies.

"If Durango loves her, Ned," he said to his friend, "he will not allow any harm to befall the girl."

"Bedad, you're pretty badly gone on the girl," said Ned, with a smile. "Shure, she's the only thing you can think of."

"Don't her peril worry you any?"

"It does that. But anxiety won't be after helping the case. Bridle your impatience. You know very well, my lad, that if I can do anything to help her I'm ready."

"Oh, I know it, Ned; I know it."

"What a sudden change has taken place," sighed Ned. "Oh, me—oh, my; I can hardly realize it. Only yesterday Don Manuel was alive and kicking. Now he's as dead as a door nail. Fanita was safe in her happy home—now she's abducted, in the hands of a spalpeen. And we—well, well, look at us! Faith, from two loitering pleasure seekers we've suddenly turned into a pair of Cuban insurgents."

"I'll stick to these people. I'll fight for them, too," cried the more excitable and impulsive Dick, as his blue eyes flashed fire and an angry frown gathered upon his

brow. "I vowed to Fanita to avenge her father's death, and I'll do it, too."

"Where the deuce d'you suppose they've taken her?"

"Heaven only knows. Durango wanted to marry her and she rejected him. Now he will try to force her——"

"*Carramba!*" cried Mario, excitedly, as he pointed away to the northwest. "See there—a fire."

The boys saw a fierce blaze of huge proportions.

"What can it be?" demanded Dick, curiously.

"My father's plantation."

"Can it be possible! Who could have set fire to it?"

"My friends. Owing to my father's exposure as being in league with the patriots, the Spaniards would seize the plantation and confiscate it. My friends, knowing this and being anxious to baffle them of their booty, have fired it."

"Bully for them," chuckled Ned.

They watched the fire until it burned out.

By this time the gloom of night had far advanced.

It was verging onto midnight when the boys quietly stole down to the canyon to pass through it to the valley.

There was no other way for them to go, as they dared not retreat the way they came from.

A bank of clouds hid the moon.

It caused a partial gloom to fall upon the scene, and they quickly reached the canyon, which sloped steeply downward.

It was filled with boulders and dense vegetation, and Dick was in the lead.

He had not gone far when a startling scene met his view, and brought him to a sudden pause, with his finger up to enjoin his friends to keep silent.

They had unwittingly penetrated a Spanish camp in the canyon, the troops lying rolled in their blankets upon the ground in various attitudes.

All the boys were in the very midst of the camp ere they were aware of it, and saw the soldiers lying about on all sides of where they stood.

The horses were tethered close to the canyon wall.

"Not a sound, or we are discovered!" whispered Dick.

"Their sentries will see us," Mario muttered.

"Faith, there isn't one in sight," said Ned, with a grin.

They were in a dangerous situation then.

The slightest sound might arouse the sleepers and betray the boys to their enemies.

No avenue of retreat was seen, for there were just as many troops behind, as there were ahead and on each side.

For a moment Dick pondered upon how to act.

"We may as well go ahead," he muttered, finally. "It is just as risky to go one way as to go the other."

"Keep a lookout for guards," cautioned Mario.

"You can bet your sweet life I shall," Ned replied.

Keeping well within the shadows of the trees and bushes, and crouching as close to the ground as possible, the boys crept ahead and gained some distance.

Finally a sentry was detected.

He sat at the foot of a palm tree, his rifle lying across his lap, and his head bowed.

To all appearances he was asleep.

Dick resolved to risk trying to pass him.

The boy tightly clutched a revolver in his hand, and resolved to shoot the man, if he was interfered with.

A few steps further on, a formidable barrier was met in the forms of a number of the soldiers who laid in such a position that the boys had to step over their figures.

It made the brave fellows' hearts beat fast and furious as they did so, and their nerves were drawn to a high tension of suspense, lest the sleepers might awaken.

As carefully as cats they performed the task.

Picking their way among several more of the Spaniards, who were in their way, they began to feel encouraged by the belief that they would succeed after all.

But just as their hopes were highest, an accident occurred that sent a feeling of horror through them.

Dick's foot caught in a thick, creeping vine.

It flung him heavily to the ground.

A fearful noise ensued, and the boy could hardly refrain from uttering a cry of vexation.

Just as he expected, the noise aroused the sleepers, and many of them sat bolt upright, while others sprang to their feet, grasping their weapons.

Every one was asking what caused the noise.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

When Dick stumbled, arousing the sleeping Spanish soldiers in the canyon leading to the valley, the feelings of the three boys were of the most apprehensive kind.

Ned and Mario were quick-witted enough to fling themselves prostrate beside Dick to escape immediate detection.

As if to make matters worse for them, the clouds parted and the silvery moon shed its brilliant light down upon the scene.

It was fair to presume that the startled troops would soon see the boys and recognize them by their costumes.

"Confound my stupidity!" Dick muttered savagely. "I've roused the whole camp. Now our lives may pay for it. If we get shot who will rescue Fanita Peralta from the power of Pedro Durango and his emissaries?"

It was a bitter thought, for Dick realized that the Spanish captain was determined to marry the girl.

With the plantation burned by the rebels, she had no home, and as matters now stood, it seemed to be almost impossible for the boys to reach the Cave of the Cross.

José Marti and his followers were to leave there that night and proceed toward Manzanillo to guard the eighty volunteers and the arms and ammunition expected from the Yankee Lass on the Esperanza Key.

How to join the expedition now was a mystery to Dick, and he finally made up his mind that they could not do it.

The Spaniards were discussing the noise of his fall and the sleeping sentry had risen and was pacing his post, fearful of being caught napping and getting court-martialed.

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

When attendants removed the covers from the bed on which Peter Thanner died at the Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, Kan., they found a tobacco box in which was deposited \$11,000. Of the amount found \$1,200 was in cash, \$8,000 in certificates of deposit, and the remainder in notes. The only known relative is a brother in New York. Thanner was eighty-nine.

Delaney Gibson, a fifteen-year-old boy, of Jenkins, Ky., has in operation a large frog pond, and it gives him steady employment, making deliveries of the largest of the frogs to restaurants and hotels. The boy is an orphan, having only a crippled mother, whom he supports. The young lad, in his spare moments, gathers all the frogs that he can find of the kind that sells, and places them in his pond. He generally has from 800 to 1,000 in the pond.

Risking her life by crawling 100 feet over a thin strip of ice, Miss Josephine Hower, of Locust, N. J., captain of the Navesink girls' hockey team, rescued George La Barre, 14 years old, son of Charles La Barre, of Locust, a New York broker. The boy had broken through the ice when skating on Claypit Creek near here recently. Miss Hower, who also was skating, saw the accident. Crawling to the edge of the hole where La Barre had broken through, she seized him when he arose and dragged him out.

Last year's apple crop was the largest ever produced in the United States. Estimates announced by the Department of Agriculture placed the 1914 yield at 259,000,000 bushels, or 114,000,000 more than was produced in 1913. These figures represent the actual "agricultural yield," the department explained, and should not be confused with those of the commercial crop, which comprise the marketed portion of the total production. The States leading in production of apples were: New York, 49,600,000 bushels; Pennsylvania, 23,100,000; Michigan, 17,200,000; Virginia, 15,300,000.

J. G. Bundy, who lives just below the high hill on Route 5 from Lumberton, N. C., on a farm belonging to John B. Smith, in Wishart's Township, reported a litter of pigs at his place all born with tusks about three-quarters of an inch long. There were eleven pigs in the litter and every one of them had tusks, from two to three on each side. Mr. Bundy broke off the tusks with a pair of pliers and the pigs are doing fine. In every other way the pigs were perfectly normal. Some account for this unusual occurrence—though similar occurrences have been reported during the past few years—by crossing breeds, though that seems to be just guesswork.

Invisibility may become the sixth arm of the French land service if Major Kopenhagen's invention for making troops invisible to the enemy observer before or above them

is adopted by the general staff. The invention has been submitted after trials beginning in April, 1913, at Saint Cyr. L'Information states that on trial the new method made twenty-five French soldiers on an open field so invisible that an aviator circulating over the field at a height of a thousand feet had to report at the end of twenty-four minutes' search he could not locate them. The inventor refuses to give any description of his work before the military authorities have reached their decision as to its adoption.

A relic of the Civil War was brought to light recently when a saw at the lumber mill at Daggett, on Cache River, Ark., ran onto a shell from a six-pound cannon that was completely imbedded in an oak log three feet thick. Both the saw and the shell were broken. The tree was cut on the field where the battle of Cotton Plant was fought in July, 1863, between the Federals under Gen. Steele and the Confederates under Gen. Dobbins. The fuse and cap were still attached to the shell, which had never exploded. Mr. Daggett is very proud of his find and says he does not mind the broken saw. The shell has attracted much attention, as many of the residents of this section remember the battle at Cotton Plant.

The British soldier at the front will feast on lobster if the proposal of this colony is accepted by the War Department, it was learned the other night. The bulk of the Newfoundland canned lobster output usually is sold in Germany, but this market has been closed because of the war. While the catch last year was small, with a total pack of 12,000 cases, as against an average of 20,000 cases in previous years, the packers have been left with virtually the whole of it on their hands. After the opening of the war the price dropped from \$23 to \$12 a case. In order to avoid a complete failure of the industry for the year, it is proposed that the British government purchase all the product at a reasonable figure, as a ration for the soldiers in the field.

The expensiveness of pure tin accounts for the care with which it is handled. It is astonishing how little tin can be made to cover thousands of cans. Yet tin would be still more expensive than it is had not the following process been invented for its recovery at very low cost: Great heaps of empty cans (preferably washed and dried by mechanical means) are piled up in an air-tight room. Warm chlorine gas is forced into the room, where it reaches every nook and corner of the cans. The warm gas has a tendency to unite with tin and form tin chloride, a highly volatile liquid. The mixture of gases—consisting of air, free chlorine and the vapor of tin chloride—is passed through a condenser, where the tin chloride is separated from the other gases and by a simple chemical process the absolutely pure tin is precipitated.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

A punch on the nose is worth \$2,556 by a ruling of the Superior Court of Boston. This was the amount of damages awarded Carl C. Olsen in a suit against Charles Mason, superintendent of the Park Riding School. According to the testimony Mason assaulted Olsen when the latter attempted to protect his wife from Mason's annoying attentions.

The body of Patrick O'Leary, a military prisoner on Alcatraz Island, in San Francisco Bay, was found on the Oakland water front. O'Leary cut part of the bottom from a tool chest, leaving one plank, which he bestrode. This made a covered ark, which supported him, protected his head and body from observation, and left his legs free to propel the craft. Two kegs attached at either end served as pontoons. He was not sighted nor did he sink, but he was unable to make headway against the tides, and died of exposure.

The Miroir of Paris gives photographs of an armored warrior, whose appearance is reminiscent of the Crusades. He wears the latest French device for safely observing the enemies nearest the trenches. His armor consists of half-inch chilled steel oblong convex—to turn bullets—head-piece, pierced with two eye-holes, and a breastplate, the total weight being more than sixty pounds. Leg protection is unnecessary, as the wearer's lower half is hidden by his own trech. The inventor, a French engineer lieutenant, says this armor will resist or turn a rifle bullet fired at point-blank range.

An old fox horn, which has sounded over the woods and swamps of Alabama for over a hundred years, passed into a new ownership when Watt McDade sent it to George M. Pliler of Longview, Texas, a brother of the late J. W. Pliler of Montgomery, Ala., who owned the horn for many years. The history of the horn dates back into over a century ago, and has been an heirloom in the McDade family. It was covered with part of a deerskin taken from a deer killed in Elmore County by the father of Watt McDade nearly fifty years ago.

The railroad that pays the biggest dividends on the capital invested is, according to the Technical World Magazine, the Grand Island railroad. It is in Northern Alberta, Canada, 200 miles from any trunk line or feed. It is only a quarter of a mile long and built of scrap iron on wooden rails. Its rolling stock consists of two battered freight cars which are pushed along the road by the men who ship the freight, no locomotives being used. The freight that is handled on this road consists principally of furs, which are towed up the Athabaska River on scows hauled by men, are laden on the cars, pushed down the railroad and shipped again on other scows, thereby circumventing the dangerous Grand Rapids. Returning, the scows carry all sorts of freight for the Hudson Bay Company's factors, and are floated down the river. The Hudson Bay Company charges \$2.50 a ton for all freight on this little railroad, and the shipper must handle his own goods and push the cars himself.

GRINS AND CHUCKLES

"Say, what's a common person?" "A common person is one that we do not associate with. Why do you ask?" "Well, the lady next door said you were a common person."

"Won't you be very, very happy when your sentence is over?" cheerfully asked a woman of a convict in prison. "I dunno, ma'am; I dunno," gloomily answered the man. "You don't know?" asked the woman, amazed. "Why not?" "I'm in for life."

Lawyer—Madam, I'm sorry to say that I don't see the ghost of a chance for you to break your uncle's will. Client—Well, to be frank with you, I don't see the ghost of a chance to pay you for what you've already done if the will isn't broken. Lawyer—H'm! On second thought, madam, I think the will can be broken.

The Sunday-school teacher was making a review of the lessons. "Who was the wisest man, James?" "Solomon." "That's right. Now, Frank, who was the strongest man?" "Jonah." "Wrong; but what reason have you for believing Jonah was the strongest man?" "'Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down."

Old Uncle Andy was steering his master's boat down the bay. They passed an ocean liner. "Andy," said Mr. Blank, "just look how high that ship stands out of the water. I wonder why it is." "Why, boss," answered the old ducky, "don't you know? We ain't had no rain for nigh on three weeks now, and de water's gittin' low."

It was evening. He and she were seated in her father's room, burning her father's gas. "Answer me, Angelina!" he cried, in a voice full of passionate earnestness. "Answer me! I can bear this suspense no longer. Answer him, Angelina!" came a voice through the keyhole. "Answer him! I can bear this expense no longer."

A TOUGH TALE.

By D. W. Stevens

"There's no use in talking," remarked Buck, surveying our mess with a twinkle in his eyes, as he proceeded to scrape a coal from the campfire for the purpose of relighting his pipe. "A tail-hold, as you call it, comes almighty handy at times. I recollect one time especially. It was when Jim and I were trapping on Feather river. But what's the use in telling the story? Some of you'd say that I didn't do no such thing. Well, maybe I didn't, but if Jim McDonald was here—rest his soul!—he'd make an affidavit to my assertion with pleasure."

"Go on, Buck," said I, for I was beginning to fear that we were about to lose a story which would serve to keep us awake until guard-time came around, if it did nothing more.

"Yes, yes; go on!" came from every side.

And the old fellow, with a grateful glance at me, scraped the coal into his pipe and commenced:

As I was remarking, that very tail-hold comes handy sometimes, although it is one of the uncertainest holds in the universe.

Well, a few months after Jim and I squatted in the Feather river country my chum got down with the fever, and all the heavy work fell on me.

I had to look after the traps, do the hunting, watch Jim, who got crazy at times, and make myself generally useful.

It was the worst country for mean cinnamons you ever saw.

Why, they'd come right up to the shanty as if they were getting anxious about Jim's condition, and he said, after he got well, that one day, while I was gone, a big, she-cinnamon poked her nose through the window, and actually asked him if he wasn't going to oblige the species by dying soon.

I know that I found the sash broken when I got back; but I always thought that Jim had done it in a fever fit, and he didn't tell me till long afterwards just how it happened.

One day I was approaching the shanty with two young grouse that I knew would brace Jim up.

He was at his worst just then, and I hadn't been two miles from him at any time for four days.

I always made him lock the door when I went out.

To unlock it, I used to use a long stick which I kept standing against the house for the purpose.

Many a time when Jim was asleep, I used to poke the stick in at the window, unlock the door, and join him without causing him to move.

But on the particular day I'm talking about now, when I came within sight of the shanty, I saw something that fairly made my hair raise.

The only window that looked into the room where Jim lay had but one sash, and right where it should have been, I saw the hind shoulders of a cinnamon bear.

Now you can bet that Buck Rodman was riled.

I immediately stopped and dropped the grouse when I saw the sight, for the first thing that popped into my head was that that bear wasn't the only creature around.

Yes, I thought that another had entered the hut and made short work of poor Jim, for the cinnamons had been prowling around in pairs or squads.

After a while, however, I concluded to keep the bear in the window from joining the feast.

If I shot him the way he was he'd only tumble inside, and if Jim wasn't quite gone he'd make quick work of him.

Presently I heard Jim, and I knew that he was alive; but he hadn't the strength of a child.

It was curious to see that bear trying to work himself into the hut; it was hard to tell whether he was too big, or the window too little; but I saw that he was gradually gaining his point.

"Heaven have mercy!" groaned Jim. "If I could only keep the bear out till Buck got here I wouldn't be chawed up."

I was close upon the bear when I heard Jim, and I shouted:

"I am right here, Jim. Are there more than one?"

"That's one too many, Buck," he cried. "If you could only hold the bear where he is till I load the big rifle, maybe we'll come out of the scrimmage right side up."

I hold a cinnamon?

Well, I thought that Jim was wandering again, but I told him that I would hold that very creature, hold him or go under.

"All right," says he. "Hold on to that tail like a case of fever, and I'll load the big rifle."

You'd better believe, boys, that the next minute a fellow about Buck Rodman's size made a straight shoot for the bear, now about halfway inside.

I got a hold that wasn't to be sneezed at, such as it was, and, bracing my feet against the hut alongside of the window, I began to haul back with all my might.

The cinnamon wasn't long in realizing the situation, for he gave several emphatic growls, and tried to back out to inaugurate a tussle with the new foe.

"Now go in," hollered I to Jim. "I'm going to keep this hold till you load the gun if you're a week doing it."

There was no discount on Jim McDonald.

He was the best man in California, and I knew he charged the gun just as quick as possible.

But I wasn't long finding out that I had undertaken one of the biggest contracts on record, for when the bear made a lunge forward, the tail would nearly get through my fingers, and when he pushed backwards, he almost knocked my feet loose.

I always thought that Jim, racked with the fever, was at the worst end, and that made me hold like death.

By and by I could hear Jim trying to load the gun.

He was down on his knees, falling clean back and recovering every minute, he was so weak; but he kept on.

Gosh! wasn't there something in the window to make him keep at work?—and wasn't old Buck Rodman at the tail-end of that something trying to keep it off Jim?

Maybe you'd have laughed to have seen me holding on

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

AN ODD LADDER.

The oddest ladder ever invented is the work of a New York man. It is only a rod, instead of a familiar form. The novel construction saves space, permits the ladder to be used as an ornamental fire escape, or auxiliary to other fire escapes, or on poles, chimneys, steeples, or gas tanks, wherever, in fact, a scaling ladder can be used to advantage and economy of material is desirable. The ladder, which is of metal and patented, is built in sections, each section consisting of two steps, a right and a left, with a handhold between. These sections have threaded joints, permitting indefinite extension, and the ladder may be attached to the wall by ring bolts at suitable intervals.

A STRANGE SWINDLING GAME.

Christopher Bewarder, an American visitor in London, has reported to the police the loss of \$16,000 in American bank notes as the result of a confidence trick played upon him by two men. Bewarder said they got into conversation with him and asked if he had any valuables on him. He replied that he had. They suggested that they should be put into a tin box and take them to a deposit office for safekeeping. He handed over the notes and they put them into a box. Going toward the bank one of the men said: "Let's see if they're safe." While they were talking his companion got away with the notes. The American was able to furnish the police with a description of the two men who, it is said, have been passing under the names of Keller and Winders.

RECORD YEAR IN AMERICAN SPORTS.

The New York Times states that 25,000,000 spectators witnessed amateur and professional sports in this country during the last twelve months, which is sufficient foundation for the oft-repeated statement that 1914 was a record year in American athletic competitions. These astonishing attendance figures, equal to approximately one-quarter of the total population of the United States, are not the result of haphazard guessing. The attendance at all forms of sports' contests was recently the subject of discussion among a group of writers and experts in this city, and after much comparison and conference the foregoing figures were fixed upon as being comparatively accurate and conservative.

In the main these 25,000,000 represent paid admissions, but not entirely, since in certain sports the paid attendance forms but a small percentage of the total assemblage of spectators. In some cases the figures are official or semi-official, while in others they are the result of careful tabulations gathered from club secretaries, newspaper reports, and estimates made by those qualified to gauge the size and number of large crowds.

Baseball leads, as is natural, and while official counts are not available a total of 9,000,000 was the general estimate as the attendance at all games played under or-

ganized baseball control, representing, as it does, 43 leagues and almost 300 clubs. Football comes next with 6,292,000. Parke Davis, member of the rules committee and expert football statistician, is authority for this estimate, together with the additional information, that 152,000 players participated in 34,000 games during the season of ten weeks.

It was the consensus of opinion that approximately 1,000,000 persons witnessed racing, trotting and pacing throughout the country last year. Tennis and golf proved hard problems, since few accurate records are kept. The official figures showed that close to 150,000 spectators paid admission for the twelve days of Davis Cup tennis play at Newport. Another 150,000 was fixed upon as the probable attendance at all other sectional, State and city tennis title tournaments. Golf galleries being without admission feature were not separately considered.

Automobile, motor cycle and bicycle races were allotted 500,000 and track and field sports a similar attendance. These figures refer principally to paid admissions, and if they err they minimize rather than exaggerate. The two international polo matches between the United States and English teams drew 75,000 spectators to Meadow Brook last spring. Probably 50,000 more followed the play in other tournaments about the country, giving a total of 125,000. The two big college regattas at Poughkeepsie and New London attracted 100,000 persons, of whom 20,000 paid for observation train or boat seats. Other dual and triangular Varsity races, together with the national and sectional regattas of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, raised the total to 425,000.

Boxing also found a prominent place in the tabulations. Using the reports of the New York and Wisconsin State Athletic Commissions, it was estimated that fully 1,500,000 spectators attended professional and amateur exhibitions and championship bouts during 1914. In New York State alone the gate receipts, as reported to the commission, was, in round figures, \$640,000 and the attendance 400,000.

No attempt was made to estimate the attendance at golf and trapshooting tournaments, where admission fees are either nominal or entirely dispensed with. Cricket, hockey, lacrosse and yachting were placed in the same category. No place was allotted to college, schoolboy or semi-professional baseball, but these sports or classifications of sport were used to bring the total up to 25,000,000.

It was agreed that 50 cents per person would be a most reasonable admission estimate, but even this gave the startling total of \$12,500,000 in gate receipts in the last twelve months. They form impressive testimonials to America's place in the world of sport, but as one man remarked as he viewed the tabulation and estimates for the twentieth time: "I am inclined to think that we could add another 30 per cent. to the total and still be inside the limit."



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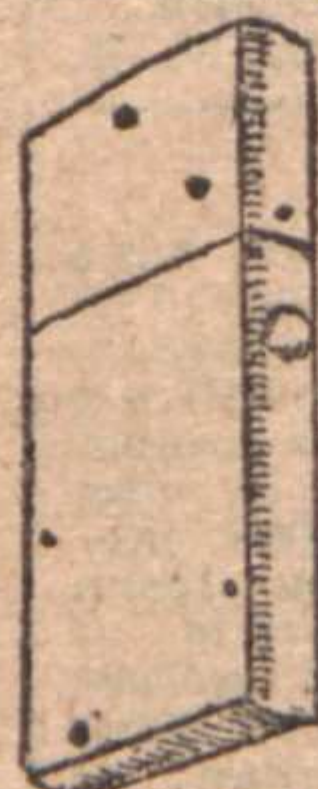


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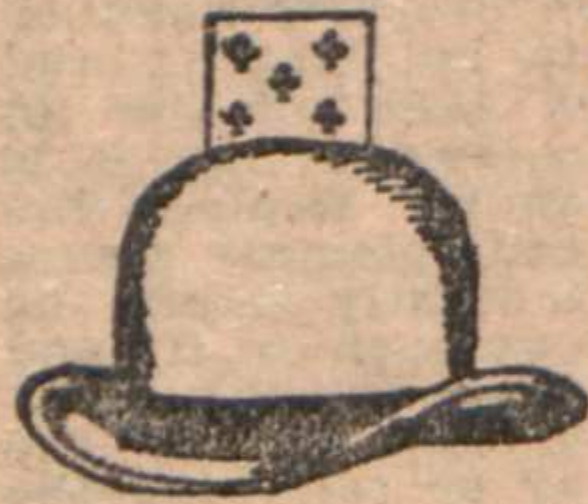
A very effective pocket trick, easily to be performed by any one. A miniature paddle is shown. Central holes are drilled through it. A wooden peg is inside of the upper hole. Showing now both sides of the paddle, the performer causes, by simply breathing upon it, the peg to leave the upper hole, and appear in the middle one. Then it jumps to the lower hole, back to the middle one, and lastly to the upper hole. Both sides of the paddle are repeatedly shown. Price by mail, 15c. C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

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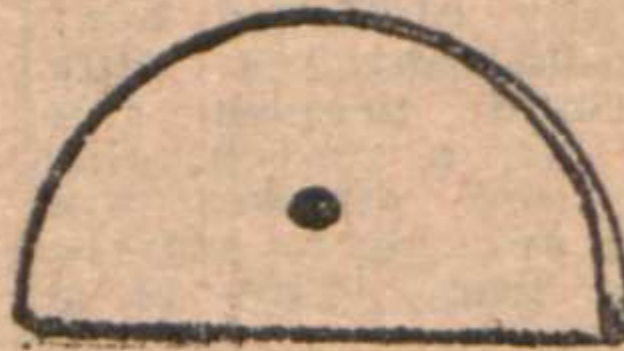
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